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### CHRONICLE.

**The Holidays.** **T**HE Easter holidays of 1894 appear to have been celebrated with all due variety of function—ecclesiastical, military, and civil—and with unbroken fine weather, even the East wind probably making as much as it marred; for it is very difficult to have fine weather in England at this time with the wind in any other quarter. In the neighbourhood of London, Volunteer operations (which the sensitive etiquette of an amusing person who is Correspondent to the *Times* protests against calling "manœuvres") went on at Winchester, Guildford, Canterbury, Dover, Portsmouth, Sheerness (for Artillery), and (for Engineers) Chatham. Scotland beat Wales this day week in Association Football at Kilmarnock by five goals to two. The cricket season opened on Monday with the usual Nottingham colts' match, at which A. PIKE, a steady batsman and a good wicket-keeper, was the chief *trouvaille*.

**In Parliament.** In a short sitting held on Thursday week Commons. to wind up financial business before the holidays, Sir UGHTRED KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH took, perhaps, unnecessary occasion to remonstrate against certain expressions of Mr. ARNOLD-FORSTER's in a letter to the *Times* of that morning—expressions which certainly appeared to involve a charge against the party spokesman of the Admiralty (meaning thereby Sir UGHTRED) of saying the thing that is not. But Mr. ARNOLD-FORSTER was not there, so Sir HENRY JAMES did the needful in a speech much more gracious than his *protégé's* own subsequent letter. But really Sir UGHTRED takes Mr. ARNOLD-FORSTER too seriously. In the course of his vindication he recounted how he had told what was charged against him to two officers of that very gallant and distinguished corps, the Marines. That is what he should generally do with remarks of persons like Mr. ARNOLD-FORSTER—tell them in the proper quarter, and think no more about them. Nothing else worth mention happened, except that Mr. MORLEY, in replying to Mr. CARSON, attacked HER MAJESTY'S judges, according to the gracious and decent wont of himself and partners.

A short sitting of the House of Commons for the purpose of reading the Consolidated Fund Bill a third time was also held this day week. Mr. WEIR and Mr. MORTON took the opportunity to bestow a little more of their tediousness on Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, but

he rebuked them, and even they stinted and cried "Ay!"

**Lords.** On Monday, while the Commons were frolicking, the Lords held a sitting, during which the same Bill was passed through all its stages, a good many others received the Royal Assent, and the QUEEN'S reply to the Address (which had had a less unprecedented history than that from the Commons) was made known.

**Lords.** Both Houses sat on Thursday, the Upper being entirely occupied by the Royal Assent to the Consolidated Fund Bill and many first readings.

**Commons.** The Lower filled what a Latin would have called a "just" sitting, the Equalization of Rates Bill and the Board of Conciliation Bill being read a first time, and the rest of the night occupied by Committee of Supply. There was promise of interest when Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, of all people, approached the momentous conundrum, "Are three Archbishops of more value than two law officers?" But he passed it by with an ambiguous answer.

**Politics out of Parliament.** We do not know that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has ever played the part of critic more brilliantly than he did on Thursday week at Edinburgh, the subject of review being the PRIME MINISTER and his recent speeches. His comparison of Lord ROSEBURY to a South American debtor, at whose door his creditors tie a jaguar; his formulation of that statesman's remarkable doctrine of majorities as "Whenever the English majority against does not exceed half the whole majority for, then the heart of England is with us"; his contrast between Mr. GLADSTONE and his successor in the matter of earnestness; and his final summary of the programme of the Government—"They have only got to disestablish two Churches, establish three new Parliaments, and abolish one House of the Legislature, and then they will be ready for business," were as good as anything that has been said on either side, and a great deal better than anything that has been said on the Gladstonian side, since the split of the Liberal party, if not since the death of Lord BEACONSFIELD.

Mr. ASQUITH spoke on Tuesday in support of Mr. TENNANT in Berwickshire, and was extremely cock-a-whoop over the failure of the predictions about insubordination and splits in the Gladstonian party. Mr. ASQUITH is surely rather in a hurry. And even

as it is, that little division on the Address? Mr. ASQUITH must have, or must suppose in his hearers, a deliciously short memory. Mr. COURTNEY at Liskeard, with that refreshing "buff-and-blue" bluntness which is his saving virtue, summed up the recent carpings at the House of Lords as "poor stuff." There was fun in Ireland. Mr. VESEY KNOX, M.P., and Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, M.P., were interchanging missives instead of missiles, as they certainly would have done in the days of old. Colonel SAUNDERSON was commenting on them both and on things in general in that agreeable fashion from which the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER has probably not yet recovered in the case of the doubly-moved Address. The shareholders of the *Freeman's Journal* had experienced, fortunately with no serious results, something of the same disaster which befell the Philistines at Gaza, the opponents of ST. DUNSTAN at Calne, and other historical characters elsewhere.

On Wednesday Mr. COURTNEY, in Cornwall, produced, without too much shyness, his own little plan for a House of Lords that should be proof against all criticism, and there was a good deal of sporadic speaking. The *Freeman's Journal* shareholders, reassembling after their fright, were once more unhappy together, and "after a succession of stormy scenes, marked by 'interchange of reproaches and personalities between 'Mr. HEALY and Mr. DILLON,' adjourned once more. For these Irish patriots love each other quite desperately, and their capacity for the harmonious and profitable conduct of business is quite unequalled.

On Thursday Mr. HEALY was at last drummed out of the *Freeman's Journal* directorate. A very good anti-Disestablishment meeting was held in Edinburgh.

**Elections.** This week has been a very busy one with bye-elections, the number of which was increased, just before Easter, by the resignation of Mr. WYNFORD PHILIPPS in Mid-Lanarkshire. The first to be decided was Leith, where the polling came off on Monday, though the result was not declared till Tuesday. Mr. MUNRO-FERGUSON retained his seat, but, to the avowed disgust of the Gladstonians, by a majority more than five hundred less than that of 1892. Leith is an instance of the virtues of pegging away, an apparently hopeless majority some years ago having been reduced by lumps every time. The result in the Hawick Burghs was less satisfactory, Mr. SHAW, the new Scotch Solicitor-General, retaining his seat by an increased number. The contests elsewhere were being decently fought, with one exception—that of Wisbech. A letter from Mr. BRAND, the Gladstonian candidate, to one of the Irish Unionist workers, which was published on Wednesday morning, is a curiously choice specimen of ill-mannered ill-temper. The nomination at Romford (where there were some slight fears of an access of that idiotic over-confidence and slackness which has lost so many Tory and Unionist seats in the past) took place on Wednesday. There was heavy polling in both Berwickshire and Montgomeryshire on Thursday, but the results were not expected till the middle of yesterday.

**Foreign and Colonial Affairs.** A fresh explosion in the hull of the dynamite ship which wrecked Santander last autumn, and at which divers were working; some news of the impending fight with KABBA REGA, of Unyoro (a tough old rascal who has been running up a long account for many years, and deserves the handling which LOBENGULA has recently and very undeservedly received), and the considerable success of the amiable desire when your neighbour is thirsty not to give him drink, in that model democracy New Zealand, were the principal items in a dull budget of news on Good Friday morning.

Saturday's news, again, ran small, and related more to discussion than incident. It was said that, as we anticipated, France would insist on a re-trial of the

unfortunate man *autrefois* acquit of M. GROSGURIN's death; and the French colonial Chauvinists were threatening as to Central Africa. It was certainly an unfortunate oversight that the claims of France to the western half of the Soudan were recognized with only an understanding, instead of a distinct stipulation, that the eastern half is English sphere. But the understanding is undoubted, and every English Ministry which has not taken leave of its senses will insist thereon. President PEIXOTO was getting ready for the chief sport of a South American politician—that of shooting his adversaries without trial—by resuscitating Imperial decrees of forty and sixty years back authorizing that amusement. 'Tis pretty to revive in order to kill—though, by the way, the PRESIDENT has since denied the impeachment. The foreign Powers had advised milder counsels, except the United States, which resolved "to adhere to a policy of non-intervention." Considering the flagrant favouritism to the Peixotists which the Government of Washington has shown throughout, this is good. The students at Buda-Pesth had expressed their sense of the sacredness of KOSSUTH's death by rioting and smashing café windows.

Dulness was still more the general characteristic of the news of Monday, which, however, was diversified by the intelligence that President CLEVELAND had become weary of well-doing in the matter of Hawaii, and that Admiral WALKER was about to sail for Honolulu to "establish a naval station," and perhaps a Protectorate. We ought to have something to say to this; though we very likely shall not. Yet it will be troublesome taking the Sandwich Islands from the United States when we are next at war with them, as we shall have to do for the safety of the North Pacific. We never have taken our single stitches in time, and probably never shall, though we sometimes cobble up the nine afterwards pretty well. The rest was talk.

Nor was Tuesday morning much more prolific of intelligence. Some doubt was thrown on the Hawaiian news given above; while the recent action of H.M.S. *Cleopatra* on the Mosquito coast was represented as having called down a chorus of blessings from British subjects, Americans, and Mosquitos. The Austrian Social Democratic party was in conclave at Vienna, where in the good old days a METTERNICH or a WINDISCHGRÄTZ would have had something forcible to say to it. Something unintelligible was going on between the Greek Government and a railway Company. It had been said that the Government was going to declare the Company defaulters, but now it was said that there was no intention of doing so. And indeed just at the present moment for the Greek Government to talk about defaulting might something smack.

On Wednesday it was telegraphed that there had been a rather sharp discussion in the Indian Legislative Council on the Budget, which was officially defended as a makeshift and a *pis aller* only. The proposed Canadian tariff included large reductions of duty on British goods. The Austrian Social Democrats had agreed that a general strike was desirable, but were unable to decide what it should be for—a delightful symptom of the cerebral state of such persons. The un-Social non-Democrat would first make up his mind what he wanted, and then consider whether that particular game was worth the strike-candle. But in the New Politics we suppose the cart has inalienable precedence of the horse.

On Thursday morning there were rather contradictory rumours about the attitude of the Paris County Council (we beg pardon), which, according to some, had declared its chairman Mayor of Paris, had sworn a sort of Tennis Court oath at the Prefect of Police, and had done other things to fire the soul of Mr.



CHARLES HARRISON and Mr. JAMES STUART; but, according to others, had fallen short of these great arguments. The "general strike" had been duly voted by the Viennese Social Democrats; and the wreck of the *Kearsarge* had been found burnt and plundered by Caribs. But to the idle mind the best piece of foreign and Continental news was the story of a *cache* of treasure in Burmah, where it was said two TOMMIES had hidden THEERAW'S regalia, and the survivor of them had undertaken, for a consideration, to find it. If it were found, and if it were any good, it would certainly come in handy to the Indian exchequer at present.

The meeting of the Austrian and German EMPERORS at Abbazia, the assembling of an International Medical Congress at Rome, and President CLEVELAND'S resolve at last to be no more the poor cat i' the adage, and to veto the Silver Coinage Bill boldly, were the chief positive items of yesterday's news.

**National Union of Teachers.** The National Union of Teachers has been holding its meeting at Oxford this week, much cosseted, of course, by the University authorities in the true modern style. Dr. BOYD, however, the Vice-Chancellor, contrived to suggest some wholesome truths in his speech of welcome; and Mr. GRAY, the President, in a vigorous address on the now fashionable subject of shortcomings in the appliances and means of elementary schools, made it plain that School Boards are not a bit better than "voluntary" managers, and made not unduly bitter fun of the intelligent practice of the department which, when it denounces the equipment of a school as insufficient, promptly cuts off the grant by way of facilitating the supply of the needful.

On the second day at the dinner which closed the proceedings, Mr. ACLAND spoke with that peculiarly smug complacency of *Nous avons changé tout cela* which distinguishes the younger middle-aged Gladstonian when he speaks of tests, Democracy, education, and a few other easy simple subjects of the same kind. And, indeed, it may readily be granted that if, in order to secure something Better, it were only necessary to destroy what has secured something Good, Mr. ACLAND'S school and generation have done wonders.

On the third day an honorary Mastership of Arts was solemnly conferred upon Mr. GRAY; and the Princess CHRISTIAN very good-naturedly presided at a meeting in the Sheldonian to "receive purses" for the Orphanage and benevolent funds of the Union.

**The Law Courts.** It was announced on Tuesday that Mr. ASQUITH had advised HER MAJESTY to respite three young colliers (colliers on strike, too, if we remember rightly), who had caused the death of a victim who, however, was a mere policeman. WALTER SMITH, the Nottingham murderer, came under no such exemption, and was duly hanged. Very severe censure was passed by the Court of Inquiry on the managing owner of the *Port Yarrock*, the ship lost, with all hands, at anchor in Brandon Bay, last January.

In the dispute between a Lion and a Lady (did UNA ever whip her Lion?) the summons was dismissed, but a case granted, on the ground that a lion is "not a domesticated animal"—for which opinion, indeed, there are great authorities, from the poet ÆSCHYLUS downwards. A former Indian District-Judge applied for warrants against several Secretaries of State.

**Sports.** A remarkably fine match for the single-handed racquets between the Universities, last Thursday week, ended in Mr. FORSTER winning for Oxford, by three games to two.

**Racing.** The unusual earliness of Easter, or some other cause, has this year brought the latest and most important events of the steeplechasing season, and the first notable things in flat racing, pell-

mell together; so that the racing world was much agog this week. To add to the excitement, Cloister—over whom, as favourite for the Grand National, much talk had taken place—was definitely struck out on Monday, this being accompanied by a similar process in regard to his stable companion Ardcarn (who took his place), for the valuable Lancashire Handicap Steeplechase at Manchester on Monday. This was left pretty open, and fell to Mr. DYAS'S Manifesto, who had hardly been fancied at all.

The Lincolnshire Handicap the next day brought a field of nineteen to the post for the first important flat race of the season at Lincoln. A very tumultuous start (during which Victor Wild kicked his neighbour Arise so badly that she had to be shot) might have affected matters, but did not, and the favourite, Baron DE ROTHSCHILD'S Le Nicham, won by three-quarters of a length from Juvenal.

The chief race of interest on Wednesday was the Brocklesby Stakes for two-year-olds, which brought out a good field, and was smartly won by Mr. SHARPE'S Ella Tweed, a filly who had already carried off her first venture at Gosforth Park a few days earlier.

The first day of the Liverpool meeting was chiefly noticeable for the odd incident of one horse winning under two jockeys. Scotch Bride, in the Altcar Steeplechase, threw her rider, Lord MOLYNEUX, who was slightly stunned. But, as her only opponent turned restive, a person, present of mind and body, caught the mare and rode her in, the race being duly awarded to him.

**Correspondence.** From the crowd of letters to the papers this day week two stood out—a very pertinent instance of the persecution of voluntary schools by insisting on their executing costly alterations at a moment's notice, and an astonishing epistle from Mr. THOMAS ARNOLD, asking what "a Tory, a Unionist, and a Protestant" has to do with Bishop NULTY'S attempts to put the spiritual screw on his flock. The answer to be given was pretty plain—that the complainant (A) is a subject of the QUEEN, that Dr. NULTY (B) is a subject of the QUEEN, and that the persons (C) whom he attempts unduly to influence are subjects of the QUEEN. Which fact gives A at least a *locus standi* when B interferes with the political rights of C. Even if (D) Mr. ARNOLD disclaims his own allegiance to HER MAJESTY, that will hardly help him.—Attention has been drawn by more than one correspondent to the trimming and truncating of Epping Forest. The fact—and it is a melancholy fact—is that the preservation-of-open-spaces movement usually does nearly as much harm as good. Indeed, enclosure, squatting, and encroachment do sometimes "leave the verdure" to some extent; while preservation means the inevitable horror of gravel walks, tinkered trees, trimmed thickets, temperance refreshment-rooms, and the triumph of the tea-garden and recreation-ground generally. In the correspondence which followed these various ideals were interestingly represented; and it appeared that the attempt to assist Nature by Art was chiefly the work of Mr. E. N. BUXTON.—On Thursday morning an extremely amusing and very ill-tempered letter was published from Mr. CHARLES HARRISON, attempting to deny, and very honestly proceeding to affirm, the well-known fact that the London County Council, in its sulks at not being allowed "Betterment," has refused to construct a southern approach to the Tower Bridge, which was practically finished this week.

**Miscellaneous.** At the Grosvenor Gallery on Thursday week, addresses were presented to Herr JOACHIM and Signor PIATTI on the fiftieth anniversary of their first appearances in England.

On Wednesday the Duke of BEDFORD unveiled a statue to JOHN HOWARD—reformer of prisons and

inventor of dark cells for children—at the town which gave HOWARD his birth and the Duke his title. Mr. MATHER, of Salford, published a report of his experiment with the forty-eight hours week which the Government is imitating at Woolwich.

*The Theatre.* A somewhat novel experiment, for these days, in the way of *féerie*, approaching the confines of romantic comedy, was produced at the Haymarket on Wednesday night by Mr. BEERBOHM TREE with considerable success. It was an adaptation from a German piece by Herr FULDA (inspired in its turn by HANS ANDERSEN), the work of Mr. LOUIS PARKER and Mr. TREE himself, and entitled *Once Upon a Time*.

*Obituary.* The Rev. ALEXANDER D'ORSEY, who died at the age of over eighty, was one of the few teachers of elocution (other than actors) whom England possessed; and he practised the art both at Cambridge, privately, and at King's College, London, officially. It is known that Englishmen speak so well that they don't want teaching.—Sir PHILIP CUNLIFFE OWEN had had hardly less to do with the genesis, and much more with the development, of the remarkable organism called for shortness "South Kensington" and for officiality "The Science and Art Department" than even the late Sir HENRY COLE himself.—Sir ROBERT STEWART, Professor of Music in Dublin University, had been a practical musician for fully fifty years, and was distinguished alike as an organist, a composer, a teacher of music, and a writer on it.—Captain LOVETT CAMERON, who died from the results of a fall from his horse in hunting, was a distinguished African traveller who had not quite fulfilled the promise of his famous journey just twenty years ago from Zanzibar to the Atlantic. Students familiar with the records of African travel before and since have always ranked this expedition very high; for its results were achieved with very limited resources, and with a total absence of the use of brute force. But luck, or some other metaphysical aid, failed Captain CAMERON afterwards, and though he attempted a good deal, he never did very much; while his last exertions in regard to Africa were chiefly in connexion with foreign rather than English enterprise.—The record of Lord HANNEN was too long and distinguished to be summed up in anything but the briefest fashion here. He was a remarkable lawyer, with that faculty for exalting himself above merely English law which English lawyers are sometimes thought to lack; and his latest achievement in connexion with the Behring Sea Arbitration was an international one. For nearly twenty years he discharged the most disagreeable and thankless of all high judicial offices—the Presidency of the Divorce Court; but Fate made him amends by allowing him also to preside over that famous Commission which exposed for all time the ethical and political abominations of the Irish Home Rule party.

#### THE PROSPECTS OF THE SESSION.

**A** POLITICAL, like a dramatic, *nodus* may abound in interest, and may promise more, and yet be, after all, untied in an uninteresting fashion. Even so, therefore, it may possibly fare with that Parliamentary drama on the "critical third act" of which the curtain rose last Thursday night in the House of Commons. The playwright Fate, however, will surely have to exert a most perverse ingenuity in disappointing workmanship if its *dénouement* comes tamely off. Every element of dramatic novelty is present—new characters, a new actor in the principal part, an unguessed plot, an entirely novel situation. Not for upwards of a quarter of a century has the Liberal party, or what remains of it, been led by an untried

Prime Minister; not for a longer period still have parties in the House of Commons been so nearly evenly balanced; never before, it may be, in our whole history has the majority been of such unstable composition. And since now, for the first time, the task of manipulating this exceptionally difficult majority has passed from the hands of the most experienced of all manipulators to those of one who has never before handled any majority whatever, the position has naturally become one of extraordinary interest. The new act of the drama has opened quietly enough. It is, indeed, almost what may be called an "Enter-*Two-Gentlemen*" commencement, the pair in the present case being the gentleman who wants to "equalize" the Metropolitan rates, and that other, his friend, who yearns for the conciliation of masters and workmen engaged in industrial struggles. Of the Bills in which they are interested Mr. BALFOUR said before Easter, not only that they would not be opposed on the first reading, but that, "as far as he could see, there was no chance of their being opposed at later stages." This was, perhaps, a somewhat hazardous remark to make on the Equalization of Rates Bill; but, in so far as it merely indicates that such a measure is capable of being, and therefore should prove to have been, constructed on a principle which all parties can accept, no exception can be taken to Mr. BALFOUR's words. To the Conciliation of Labour Disputes Bill they apply in this sense even more emphatically still.

But next Monday the fun will begin; for on that day, if the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER keeps his promise, the Government will make the modest proposal to place Scotch members of Parliament in the position to which the Irish members were elevated in the "very latest edition" of the Home Rule Bill of 1893. Ministers, that is to say, intend to ask the House of Commons to vote to the Scotch members the privilege and power of settling Scotch affairs in a little private Parliament of their own, while retaining their present privilege and power of, in company with the Welsh and Irish, enabling an English minority to outvote an English majority on questions relating to exclusively English affairs. It is the Ministerial way of putting a little gentle pressure on the "predominant partner." Let him continue, if he pleases, to occupy that lonely height of predominance on which he sits, forbidding dissolution of the partnership; but in the meantime he is to be taught by the Government that, once he descends to the plain of practical affairs, his control over his own private interests is less than has been conceded to that member of the partnership who has the smallest stake in the concern. Mr. ASQUITH has put the case in such a delightfully reasonable and equitable form in his recent electioneering speech at Ayton, that Ministers ought really to have no trouble at all with their motion. Most effective was his description of the way in which, when some Scotch question has been under debate, and the opinion of the majority of Scotch members has been clearly declared in favour of a particular settlement of it, there has "trooped in" from library, smoking-room, terrace, and lobbies, a "crowd of Englishmen and Irishmen who had not heard a word of the debate, who knew absolutely nothing about the subject, who cared no more about it than they knew, but whose votes were as good on a Scotch question as those of your own representatives, and who time after time overrode and overbore us in the division Lobby." To complete the picture, it would only have been necessary for Mr. ASQUITH to substitute for the "Scotch question" the Employers' Liability Bill, and "Irish and Scotch" for "Irish and English" members "trooping in" to the division. He would then have given an equally accurate description of the way in which English



members interested in this measure were in their turn overborne and over-ridden in the Lobby by the votes of men "who knew absolutely nothing about the subject, and who cared no more about it than they knew." And if he had been still more anxious for a fair statement, he would possibly have gone on to describe the crowd of Scotch members who trooped into the Lobby, not of the House of Commons, but of the House of Lords, to entreat, and successfully entreat, the Peers to reverse a decision which had been carried against their wishes in the Lower House by the mechanical vote of a mixed English and Irish Ministerial majority on the Scotch Fisheries Bill.

When the Government have duly taught the predominant partner to know his place in relation to English affairs, they will turn their attention to their long-conceived plan for neutralizing his perverse opinion on the affairs of the Empire. It is evidently going to be a long job to convert the English constituencies to Home Rule, whether according to Lord ROSEBURY'S "Westminster Confession" or the revised Edinburgh form of it; and it would be much more convenient to leave him to the perversity of his views, and simply take measures to prevent him from giving effect to them at the next election. Hence the Electoral and Registration Reform Bill, which we are promised for next Thursday, and the object of which will, of course, be to cook the registers in such a way as to transfer the majority, wherever possible, from the Unionist to the Separatist side. It is an innocent little project, quite one of those which have always commended themselves to the party who regard it as a conscientious duty to alter the rules of any political game in which they are not getting the best of it. Still it is not exactly a project in which they can fairly expect their opponents to assist them, and we shall, therefore, hear more of the Electoral and Registration Reform Bill—especially of the electoral part of it—than its authors are likely to care about. They have never been able, we believe, to see the connexion between "One man, one vote" and "One vote, one value." How can people, they ask in wonder, be guilty of such irrelevance? The question of how many votes a man may exercise has nothing to do with the question what share of political power his one or more votes confer upon him. We fancy, however, that there will be no insurmountable difficulty in explaining the connexion to them when their Bill comes on for discussion, or even, perhaps, in getting them to realize the fact that a ten-year-old franchise settlement, which happens to give them about ten per cent. more political strength from Ireland and Scotland than they are entitled to, is not exactly the sort of settlement which they can be allowed to re-open in their own interests, and without their opponents insisting, in that case, on its being overhauled all round.

There is, no doubt, a certain astuteness in giving precedence to this measure, since it is perhaps the only one which the greedy Ministerialist factions struggling with each other for precedence in legislation could consent to give priority to their own fads. Irishmen, Scotchmen, and Welshmen must be nearly as anxious to load the electoral dice as the English Radical himself; they must be almost as eager as he to acquire the power of playing the game "with the advantages" when the next General Election takes place. Hence, perhaps, they may be induced to keep quiet for a while until the Government have got their Electoral and Registration Bill fairly under way. But their patience will not be inexhaustible—the Irish patience least of all. The Nationalists will be soon wanting a diversion from their family quarrels. Calling each other "sneaks" and "slanderers" and "organizers of mean conspiracies" must be getting a little monotonous by this time.

They know, of course, that Mr. MORLEY'S heart is with them, and that, come what may, he "never, never" will desert them. But, all the same, they are undoubtedly beginning to feel that it is about time that they saw the colour of that Evicted Tenants' Bill. What it is they can expect from this precious measure except something which will be as far short of their claims as it will be far in excess of anything which could be looked at for a moment by any Legislature at all conscious of its distinction from a gang of brigands, no mortal knows. Mr. MORLEY, however, may perhaps have some suspicion. He may guess what it is they expect, and, knowing what a ghastly disappointment he is preparing for them, may be anxious to postpone the disclosure as long as possible. Still, it must come at last; just as another pleasant surprise, the Budget, cannot be much longer delayed. The arrival of the two together, or thereabouts, would alone ensure us a lively Session.

#### HERETICAL ANGLERS.

NOT long ago, in the *National Review*, Mr. EARL HODGSON discussed "Heresies in Salmon Fishing," heresies of which some, we think, are likely to become commonplaces. Why do salmon take salmon-flies which, when out of the water, resemble no article of food but humming-birds? Now the salmon of our latitudes never tasted a humming-bird. Our own opinion is that salmon take flies because they think flies are living and edible. Sir HERBERT MAXWELL'S recent argument is to the effect that salmon bite at the fly from curiosity, or from mixed motives, not from hunger. A second rise may be "motivated" by wrath at a slight prick. This we think unreasonable. The more a fish, a salmon that is, feels a prick, the less chance there is of his coming again. The angler may be sensible of a tug, and yet may hook his prey on a second venture; but then it is probable that the salmon never touched the point. He got hold of the feathers or of the body of the hook. The hypothesis of his indignation was invented years ago, in the case of trout, by the *Spectator*. Some one argued that trout do not feel as we feel, consequently that angling is not so cruel as angling for the editor of the *Spectator* would be. That position is demonstrable. The mouth of the editor of the humane journal is not a gristly, horny kind of substance. The theorist went on to urge that you may see a trout feeding in clear water, may put a dry fly over him, hook him, lose him; see him feed again, hook him again, lose him, and never put him off his feed. This is a matter of fact. Last summer we had occasion to observe it. The trout, twice hooked, never ceased to feed; he only shifted his position by about a foot and a half, and went on eating natural flies. Now this circumstance shows that the trout's appetite was undiminished, though he had twice felt the steel and been dragged across the stream. The *Spectator*, however, urged that the pricked fish comes again, when he does come again, in anger and revenge. Nonsense! He merely continues to dine, taking such floating flies as recommend themselves to his taste and fancy. Now, if you hooked the *Spectator* with a white-bait, and played him up stairs and down stairs, and stirred him up under the table, and broke him on the banisters, he would not proceed to a cutlet. The trout does remain feeding normally, sometimes. The argument that he snaps in anger may therefore be dismissed. The fish's motive is appetite. He is looking for floating flies, and he sometimes takes the artificial for the real article. If hooked, he often does not feel pain enough to frighten him. The pellucid streams of the Test enable us to ascertain these

consolatory facts. The argument applies to salmon. They probably do not "come on in fury," but take the fly as food. Occasionally they "play with their food," like other people. We have seen a salmon come half a dozen times, and obviously never once in earnest. They will flap at a fly with their tail-fins, and we have caught a salmon who did so too successfully. The hook stuck in his tail. Curiosity, playfulness, thus enter into the moods of fish, as of men; but so do hunger and the deliberate bite. Mr. EARL HODGSON scouts, and quite rightly, the idea that salmon do not feed in fresh water. They eat, to our certain knowledge, worms, minnows, salmon-roe, butterflies, bees, March-browns, and probably other and smaller trout-flies; they even take the minute hackles used for trout on the Cumberland Eden.

Sir HERBERT MAXWELL, however, is probably right when he says that colour in a salmon-fly is, perhaps, indifferent. Size, and tinsel, and shade are important, but colour is not important. It is not certain that fish can distinguish colour. But dry-fly fishing for trout leads many anglers to conclude that they can, and do, distinguish even in shades of the same colour. It is difficult to make crucial experiments. If a trout did take a scarlet or an azure Mayfly, it would not logically follow that he did not distinguish colour. He might be making an experiment himself. If, however, a good angler used a scarlet or a blue Mayfly all day when the fly was up and trout feeding, yet never got a rise, then we might be reasonably certain that trout distinguish colour and reject the unfamiliar. They will take a black Zulu and reject a red-palmer of the same size, all day, on some occasions. The Mayfly experiment should be made; but keen anglers do not enjoy making it, so brief is the Mayfly season, and so big are its rewards. If trout can see colour, then probably salmon can; but we do not think that they are much influenced by what they see. If a fly be not too light or too dark, not too big or too small, he will do, we think, and the shifting of flies is a mere fancy. However, people will be shifting them; their own fancy, not that of the fish, is their motive.

#### "HANG OUT OUR BANNER."

THREE weeks ago, or somewhat less, Lord ROSEBURY was in full accord with Lord SALISBURY on a very vital matter. The same phenomena run through the whole scale of Parliamentary being from the highest to the lowest. Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE has avowed that on one point he is in full accord with Mr. ARNOLD-FORSTER. This point is as to the propriety of hoisting the national flag on Victoria Tower when Parliament is in session to indicate, in the usual fashion, that the master of the mansion is at home. This is one of the many objects which Mr. ARNOLD-FORSTER has pursued during his brief but incessantly active Parliamentary career. He has met with some repulses, but he is not faint of heart, and at last his exertions have been crowned with success. He at first solicited Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE's predecessor. But Mr. LEFEVRE, though as sensitive as Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT to the national dignity, is, like him, of a frugal mind. He would be glad to do the thing, but how was he to get the money? It would cost 25*l.*, and trade was bad, and there was likely to be a large deficit. In these circumstances, if we read correctly between the lines of his question, Mr. ARNOLD-FORSTER, emulous, perhaps, of the munificence of Mr. YATES THOMPSON, resolved to do for the nation what it was too niggardly to do for itself. Hang the expense! If the money was the difficulty, it should be forthcoming. He did not even stipulate that his name should be legibly embroidered at the intersecting point of the crosses of St. GEORGE, St. ANDREW, and St. PATRICK.

The revenue has shown signs of improvement since the beginning of the year. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, having swallowed the camel of an additional vote of over 3,000,000*l.* for the navy, no longer, it would appear, strains at the gnat of 25*l.* for the flag on the Victoria Tower. He has reflected, perhaps, that the flag-pole is already there, which will reduce the expenses. Since HER MAJESTY ceased to open Parliament in person, the Royal Standard, save on Jubilee day, has not been flown from it. The bare pole by itself is not an attractive object. We suspect, however, that Lord ROSEBURY has had something to do with the change of the Ministerial mind in this particular. It is his mission to maintain and extend the Empire. He sets about it in what sometimes appears a strange fashion, seeking union in severance, endeavouring to consolidate the Empire by splitting up the United Kingdom. But as regards India and the colonies he is a Unionist. He understands the silent education of symbols. *Segnius irritant*—He has made Professor SEELEY a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, not, we presume, because he is Professor of History at Cambridge, and is inspired by the enthusiasm of humanity—that might be a motive with Mr. GLADSTONE—not because he has written *Ecce Homo*, has discoursed of *Natural Religion*, of the life and times of STEIN and of GOETHE, but because he has told the story of *The Expansion of England* with a sympathy which has a forward look, and would carry on in the present and future the work of the past. Professor SEELEY's K.C.M.G.-ship has, perhaps, the same meaning as the hoisting of the national flag on the Victoria Tower. It is an indication of the Imperial policy of the new PRIME MINISTER. If he is forced by circumstances, which he might perhaps have controlled, but which he has allowed to control him, to wave the green flag of Mr. JOHN MORLEY's Irish Secretaryship in one hand, he runs up the Union Jack of Professor SEELEY's Order of St. Michael and St. George with the other.

Lord ROSEBURY has explained, with as much frankness and clearness of application as could be expected from him, that he has no sympathy with the false history and the perverted sentiment with which Mr. GLADSTONE inflames and obscures the Irish controversy. He is a Home Ruler, he more than hints, as a matter of Imperial policy. If the Irish in Ireland are not satisfied, the Irish in the United States and the colonies will be a danger to the Empire. This buying off process has seldom paid from the time of the Danegeld downwards. It is, however, a gain that Home Rule should be with the present PRIME MINISTER a policy and an expedient, and not a dogma or a moral law. He is open to conviction of its impolicy and inexpediency. The display of the Union Jack on the Victoria Tower may, perhaps, in some slight degree retard that conversion of England which seems to be proceeding less rapidly than the re-conversion of Scotland. The daily sight of the national flag is an education in national sentiment. A great deal of nonsense has been said and sung about the Star-Spangled Banner, the Tricolor, and the White Flag; but American and French patriotism, in their best and worst features, have been powerfully stimulated by them.

#### MR. DU MAURIER ON ART CRITICS.

IF anything can be more agreeable and amusing than the perusal of Mr. DU MAURIER's story of *Trilby*, it is the reflection that the festive *Trilby* appears in an American family magazine. However, this is a topic less urgent, though in itself delightful to the benevolent critic, than Mr. DU MAURIER's incidental remarks on Art Critics. His hero, Little BILLEE, is a great painter, is praised and also is blamed, and then Mr. DU MAURIER hits out at the un-



lucky reviewers of modern galleries. "Who's speaking 'to you?' they may ask, like aggrieved street boys; but, on the whole, their withers are unwrung. They are not, as a rule, 'the duffer, the disappointed one, 'the wounded thing with an angry cry'—the 'prosperous and happy bagman that should have 'been, who has given up all for art, and finds he 'can't paint . . . so falls to writing about those 'who can—and what writing!' The writing is 'hissing dispraise,' 'it does not even want good 'grammar,' but 'it pays well enough even to start 'and run a magazine with.' O mystery! what magazine? And the critic is likened to 'a poor devil of a 'cracked soprano,' to a vendor of pornographic prints, and so forth.

The usual reproach against the art critic is not that he has 'given up all for art,' but that he has no practical knowledge of art, and has never seen colours and brush any more than the old Hermit of Prague had seen pen and ink. On a 'Press Day' at the Academy the observer may note little boys, clergymen, women, young and old, fair and weird, and a few men of letters. Certainly these are not disappointed duffers in painting, unless the Irish gentleman who did not know if he could play the violin was a disappointed musician. They have never tried. Many of them know as much of painting as the critic who gaily remarks that EDWARD I. was at college in Scotland with ROBERT BRUCE and Sir WILLIAM WALLACE knows of history. Their comments cannot be valuable, but they cannot be spiteful. The remnant are mainly men who have seen much of art and have endured many exhibitions. If they have a fault, it is the fault of indulgent and urbane fatigue. There was once an art critic who remarked, not urbanely but truly, that, in a whole room of a certain gallery, there was not one picture which a person of taste would hang on his walls if it were given to him. The official representative of that gallery accused him of jealousy. A dancing girl might as well be said to be (professionally) jealous of an admiral. It was not the critic's business to paint bad pictures. If all critics had enjoyed an artistic education and retired from the profession, they would, at least, know more or less what they were talking about, and artists usually complain that they do not know. The ordinary educated observer does not know, practically, the details and the processes. The great successful artists, naturally, do not write. The artists who have abandoned art are, necessarily, 'jealous.' Then who is to write about modern pictures? "*Ut nemo*—why, nobody," as the schoolboy said; yet painters want to be written about.

If art critics would only open a gallery containing their own works, as we have formerly suggested, then we should see whether they are trained, but incompetent, performers. After seeing such an exhibition, the public would probably admit that art critics, as a general rule, have not given up all, or anything, for art; have not given up time to *technique*, certainly. It is a law of our fallen nature that originality meets with opposition in painting as in poetry, and in everything else. People are accustomed to certain things, and dislike being removed from their grooves with a jolt. But the jealousy of practised and proved incompetence has very little to say in these sorrows. Very few persons feel "a dirty pleasure in 'seeing mud and dead cats and rotten eggs flung at 'those we cannot but admire and secretly envy." Were it so, what baskets of rotten eggs, what wildernesses of dead cats, what oceans of mud would be thrown at an author who can write and an artist who can illustrate his writings like Mr. DU MAURIER! But it is rather a case of

roses, roses all the way,  
And myrtles mixed in the path like mad.

#### THE EGYPTIAN DEBT.

"EGYPTIAN Conversion," which is just now a matter of no small interest, does not belong to the same branch of the question as that "Conversion of England" which in Lord ROSEBURY'S mouth so fluttered his supporters the other day. There is not the slightest necessity to convert Egypt herself on this point of the conversion of her own debt. Neither PHARAOH nor PHARAOH'S subjects have in the very least degree hardened their hearts, nor do they desire to continue paying four per cent. to the end of time when the credit of their country is (thanks to England) at least good enough to enable them to borrow at three and a half. The opposition, as of old, comes in the main from France, though we are extremely sorry, and a very little surprised, to see that some echo of French objections has been made in English financial quarters.

It is, we say, surprising—and we fear we might use a stronger word—that respectable English newspapers should lend their influence to such a Shylockian argument as that because the interest on the Unified debt was formerly reduced from seven per cent. to four, therefore the country ought not to be allowed either to reduce it further or to pay off the principal. Indeed, we have done a gross injustice to SHYLOCK. The proper parallel would be that of some usurer who should argue, "You promised 'me a pound of flesh when your health was so bad 'that the operation would certainly have killed you; 'you must give me two pounds now when you are 'sturdy enough to stand it with fair chance of recovery." What the actual position of the holders of the Unified debt is may be understood at a glance from the simplest of figures. Ten years ago, when England had already taken the country under her charge, and had thus added enormously, if not formally, to the security, Unified stood at 59. It is quoted as we write these words at 103-4. At that same time—1884—a proposal to make it redeemable at 80 was rejected, without a single dissident among the representatives of the Powers or the bondholders on the ground that the latter ought to receive more, and simply because nobody was sanguine enough to think that the attainment of such a price was within reasonable calculation. The ten years have passed; the so-called fancy price has been passed likewise, by nearly five and twenty per cent.; the property of the holders has been almost doubled in value for them by the care and success of England; and English newspapers are not ashamed to argue that they ought not to be paid off their loan at par, or asked to take three and a half per cent. because they, or their predecessors in title, were once offered twice as much, with the concomitant certainty that the investment was a gamble. If Unified now were as Portuguese, or even as the once famous Poyais, it would be but the fortune of speculation. It is worth what we have said; and our great oneyers and moneyers contend that Egypt ought to have the burden tied round her neck in perpetuity!

It is, however, not this disturbance in the "black 'pool of agio" which really stands in the way of the Conversion, but the old opposition—partly from the same motives, partly from others almost less creditable—of France. It is, of course, well known that in no country is the small investor such a political power as in that which fondly describes itself as being, and in all probability really thinks itself to be, guided only by considerations of chivalry, honour, and glory. The French small investor has been sorely tried by reductions of interest in his own country, and the Government are naturally careful of his susceptibilities where the care can be shown at somebody else's expense. But this is by no means the only or the chief determining cause of the sensitiveness which the French

Government showed the other day in regard to certain alleged "incorrectnesses" in the preliminaries of the proposal. It is not too much to say that, with some honourable exceptions, French politicians are sick and livid with jealousy, not so much at the continued presence of England in Egypt, as at the amazing success and the solid benefits of our rule there. It would, perhaps, be unjust to say that many of them consciously wish Egypt to be kept weak that they may have a chance of interfering with her, or deliberately desire that she should be maintained as a milch cow for Western—at least French—thirst of gold. But, even of those who are incapable of consciously entertaining such wishes, the majority are vexed almost to madness by the thought that the progress of Egypt in strength, in good government, in financial prosperity, is due to England. The more ignorant of them (and the mass of political and other ignorance in France exceeds that in any civilized country of the world) probably, if not certainly, believe that England is drawing vast sums of money from the Land of the PHARAOHS; and even those who know better cannot endure our political predominance and our military occupation.

And so they avail themselves of their accidental and most unfortunate advantages as international trustees to refuse consent to the Conversion of the Debt. It is an abuse of powers conferred for a totally different purpose which is almost incredible in a great nation; but, as it happens, it pairs off very well with the conduct of Russia towards Prince FERDINAND of Bulgaria. And so birds of a feather have flocked together.

#### THE ABBAZIA MEETING.

THE dulness of the time may, or we might even say does, account for the great prominence given in the papers to the rumours which have gathered about the meeting of the EMPERORS at Abbazia. There is a belief, or a determination to believe, that something remarkable is hatching; but, as usual, the indications of what it is to be are no less vague and contradictory than numerous. The German CHANCELLOR has hinted, in a most oracular speech, that something remarkable and of general European interest may at some period—perhaps in the next century, but possibly in this—require to be done. The *Times*' Correspondent at Paris has had a most important communication to make. The King of DENMARK has been saying things no less calculated to promote speculation than the Dantzic speech of Count CAPRIVI. Of course he has been contradicted from St. Petersburg, and of course he has demolished the contradiction of ignorant and ill-informed sinners à la façon de M. RIGBY. Remarks have been dropped by Italian statesmen from which at least we extract a confession of what we suspected all along—namely, that one-half of the twelve Italian army corps is a sham. The *Figaro*, not to be idle in so happy a conjunction of affairs, has come out with "revelations," which on inquiry appear to be scandal about Prince BISMARCK, and to prove, not for the first time of late, that the respect for the professional secret on which the French greatly pride themselves is notably weakened among politicians who have been at the Quai d'Orsay. It is a fact that the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH, accompanied by members of his civil and military Cabinets, has paid a visit to the Emperor WILLIAM, who is enjoying the air of the Adriatic at Abbazia.

It may, on the whole, be safely taken as very probable that the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH has not paid this visit merely in order to make his bow to the German EMPRESS, though he will no doubt do that. It is very probable that business will also be discussed with the EMPEROR—a prophecy to which we are the more

disposed to commit ourselves from a conviction that the largest possible questions will be started in any company which he honours with his presence. The Socialists have an uneasy and far from unreasonable fear that they will have a considerable share of the Imperial attention, and that something not unlike a renewal of the Holy Alliance is in the air. They and their highly inconvenient pupils, the Anarchists, have given the rulers of Europe so many and such excellent reasons for thinking about them that it is highly probable they will not be left unnoticed. But the formation of a general league for the suppression of militant Socialists and the discouragement of others is hardly a matter which requires so much preparation, not to say bustle. If it is to be taken for granted that something is in preparation, more appears according to general opinion to be required. And it is actively asserted that the real object hinted at by Count CAPRIVI is a scheme for disarmament. If the King of DENMARK was correctly reported by the Correspondent of the *Times*, this is, in fact, what is in preparation. King CHRISTIAN is reported to have said that his son-in-law of Russia and his great friend of Austria were well disposed. Nor did he despair of seeing his young friend of Germany, though of an age at which men dream of laurels, join with his elders in an effort to relieve the burden of military preparation.

All this, besides being intrinsically a pious imagination, is very pretty matter for speculative telegrams. We shall wait before deciding that it is more—and the rather because it is said that disarmament is not to take the form of a reduction in the number of men, but in the general length of service to one year. Better security than that of the Correspondent of the *Times* is required to give plausibility to the supposition that the heads of three great armies are about to propose a measure which would reduce their forces to the very verge of the condition of mob. It is more prudent to believe that what is immediately in hand is an attempt to definitely remove the "strained relations" which have undoubtedly existed for years between the German EMPEROR and the CZAR. The zeal with which the Emperor WILLIAM promoted the passing of the commercial treaties with Russia must have convinced his neighbour of his desire to live in peace with him. The CZAR, who is known to have no love for war, may possibly be induced by this demonstration to become more cordial, and nobody is better qualified to act the part of friendly mediator than the Emperor of AUSTRIA. We see no reason why this should be other than acceptable to us; but we do understand why it excites no visible satisfaction in Paris.

#### BY-ELECTIONS.

TWO of the seven by-elections which arrived in such opportune companionship with the change of Prime Minister were decided last Monday, and the results of two more will be known by the time this page comes under the reader's eye. Berwickshire and Montgomeryshire will have added their returns to those of Leith and Hawick, and have supplemented such information as to popular opinion as these contests conveyed. Undoubtedly, there was plenty of room for an increase of that somewhat scanty store, for the two Scotch elections, at the beginning of the week, yielded results which certainly do not carry us very far. Negatively, no doubt, they go some way to prove that the ROSEBERY Legend has been worked a little too hard, and that all Scotland is not going to fall straightway at the feet of the new Prime Minister. But, beyond furnishing this reassurance—which, after all, could hardly have been much needed by any one who knows the modern Radica



politicians of the "earnest" type, and the "booms" of the same—it cannot be said that either Leith or Hawick has been particularly instructive. The Gladstonian candidate has gained slightly in the latter constituency, and has lost more than slightly in the former. Whether he would or would not have lost still more if Mr. GLADSTONE had not given place to Lord ROSEBURY who can say? As who can say whether but for the retirement of the arch Separatist the Home Rule Bill of last year might not have frightened the Border Burghs back to their narrow Gladstonian majority in 1886?

The numbers, in short, on either side are unavailing to prove any more than that the constituencies have with much wisdom declined to excite themselves very violently over the Ministerial changes. They seem to have come to the sensible conclusion that the future action of the Government will be determined for, and not by, them, and that so long as the ignoble conditions of their tenure of office subsist, it makes little or no odds what may be the name of the Prime Minister for the time being, or the particular Chamber of the Legislature in which he sits. In other words, it looks as if the set and drift of electoral opinion has been little, if at all, affected, either in direction or volume, by recent events. Where, therefore, before these events, that process of conversion which Lord ROSEBURY steadily believes in, but variously defines, appeared to be going forward, we need not expect any arrest of it; while, in the happily more numerous cases in which a contrary movement had already declared itself, we may fairly count, it seems, though, of course, with the usual allowance for capricious exceptions here and there, on its continuance. The contest for Wisbech, to be decided next week, may, it is true, prove an exception of quite the opposite kind. There we may possibly have an illustration, not of electoral caprice, but of its repentant repudiation. The Unionists held the seat by a large majority in 1886, and it was only wrested from them by a very narrow one in 1892; and, if we may assume the former result to have been in any degree due to Mr. GLADSTONE'S Irish policy, its causes ought to be in still more active operation to-day.

Mid-Lanarkshire, more or less, resembles the other Scotch constituencies recently contested in not seeming likely to yield any very significant results. It is a seat hitherto held pretty firmly by the Gladstonians, and not likely to be captured for the Union, except by one of those surprises that seldom occur save at general elections. And Romford ought to be to the Unionist party what Mid-Lanarkshire is to their opponents—that is to say, a seat certain to be held by its present masters, and possibly without any serious diminution of their majority. It is, however, being attacked with desperate energy by the Gladstonians, and, as too often happens in the case of Conservative seats, the newspapers are filling with complaints from workers in the constituency of the indolence and over-confidence of the party in possession. The timely publication of these protests may, it is to be hoped, do much to correct the mischief. There is no excuse for the slackness complained of, if it really exists. The Unionist majority in Romford is still large, though it was reduced at the last contest; but majorities quite as substantial have often ere this been swept away at a mismanaged and weakly fought bye-election, and it is surely matter of the commonest experience that there is special danger of a mischance of this kind whenever a seat, held by a member of exceptional popularity and local influence, is, as was the case here, suddenly and unexpectedly vacated by his death, and a successor has to be found for him at short notice.

#### MR. MATHER'S EXPERIMENT.

MR. MATHER, Separatist member for Gorton, has made an interesting experiment, and is pleased with the results. He has tried the "forty-eight-hours week" in the mill of which he is a partner (Messrs. MATHER & PLATT, of Salford), and has found it answer. The results have been so good that Mr. MATHER pressed them on the attention of the heads of the great spending departments, and takes some credit to himself for having converted these official persons to the view that a forty-eight-hours week is good for Government factories and dockyards. They, as we observe, with an ever-renewed sorrow at the ingratitude of man, have been painfully backward in giving thanks to Mr. MATHER. On the contrary, they have gone about the country complacently saying they were setting an example to employers.

MESSRS. MATHER & PLATT are a well-established firm, employing some 1,200 skilled workmen, "pattern-makers, iron and brass moulders, smiths, copper-smiths, and tinplate-workers, engine-fitters, millwrights, electrical mechanics, turners and fitters, brass-finishers, boiler-makers, and others." They deliberately, and after conference with the Amalgamated Engineers, decided to make the experiment, and they went to work in a businesslike way. It was distinctly understood that the trade was not to be held in any way bound by the result, and that the firm was not to be expected to go on if the experiment did not answer. Then the men were told that some effort was required from them to make good the loss of time. The before-breakfast hours were knocked off. This was very sensible; for there are not many men for whom work, whether of head or hand, on an empty stomach is not disproportionately exhausting. A very sharp watch was set, and everybody went to work "on his metal." Mr. MATHER does not think that the hands "spurred," and is of opinion that no spurt can be kept up for a year—the period fixed for this experiment. Probably not; but tight discipline, and the constant keeping of everybody's nose to the grindstone by emulation and good supervision, may last for years on a stretch. On striking the balance at the end of the year, Messrs. MATHER & PLATT have discovered that there has been rather more work done than in the old fifty-three-hours week; that the increase of wages has been slight, and exactly compensated by economy in the use of gas, decreased wear and tear of machinery, and diminished demand for oil. Mr. MATHER holds that he has proved the superiority of the forty-eight-hours week over the fifty-three, and has also shown that there is no need for legislative interference to secure the "eight-hours day," since it can be obtained by arrangement between employer and employed.

We leave Mr. MATHER to argue this last point with the New Unionism, which has no wish to see a shorter day secured by an increased output made by the same number of men; but to see the same work, or less, divided among a larger number paid the same wages as the smaller. There are two points in Mr. MATHER'S report which we prefer to note. When he speaks of the saving effected in gas, wear and tear of machinery, oil, &c., he appears a little to forget that this would, if the system of his mill were adopted all over the country, interpret itself at once into a loss of business for all those who produce gas, machinery, and oil, which again would mean loss of work and wages for the men they employ. Then there is a sentence at the end which deserves the careful attention of all who may feel inclined to be enthusiastic over this experiment. Mr. MATHER says, "But of this I am assured, that the most economical production is obtained by employing men only so long as they are at their best. When this stage is past, there is no true

"economy in their continued work." Mr. MATHER had in his mind only the employment of men who are becoming tired, have to make increased efforts, and yet do less work. But this principle of his is capable of much wider application. If a man is not worth keeping at work when no longer at his best, it may be said with equal truth that he is not worth employing at all when he is getting on in middle life, and therefore no longer at his best. Employers do, indeed, act on that principle as it is, and workmen who are getting "a bit elderly" find it hard enough to obtain work. They will assuredly not find it easier if all the mills in the country take to acting up to the standard of Messrs. MATHER & PLATT. It is very businesslike, tending to good discipline and strenuous work, capital for the employer who saves gas, &c. (as long as his men do not—as they quite fairly may—make the saving an excuse for demanding higher wages), and avoids the complication of overtime by employing double shifts, and is not bad for the strong and young. But will it make things easier for the men on the whole; and if not, what do they gain by it?

#### EPHING FOREST.

IT may safely be asserted that everybody hopes, sooner or later, to visit Epping Forest, and nearly everybody hopes to visit Burnham Beeches. It behoves us to make haste. The charm of the Beeches to their discoverer, THOMAS GRAY, was their wildness, which is nearly if not quite gone already. It would be difficult to say who discovered Epping Forest. It was certainly known to Londoners a long while ago; but the credit of finding Monk Wood may be conceded to Mr. EDWARD NORTH BUXTON, and the credit of finding Mr. EDWARD NORTH BUXTON in Monk Wood to Sir FREDERICK YOUNG. A correspondence, still apparently raging in the columns of the *Times*, reveals this much. How far, however, Mr. BUXTON is to be held responsible for the—what shall we call it?—bowdlerizing of Monk Wood it would be difficult to decide. From his letters it is but too evident that he fully sympathizes with the gentleman of whom "Leytonstone" tells us, who thought the gables of Staple Inn a "reg'lar heyesore." There are places in the Forest which are forest—forest in GRAY's sense of the word—wild, tangled, rough, thick, dark; places to make you forget you are within a few thousand yards of the largest city on earth, places which are as they were in the days of Havering-at-Bower, and in which the competition of "vegetables," to use GRAY's expression, has tended, during perhaps two thousand years, to the survival of the strongest, if not the fittest. It is very evident that Mr. BUXTON would be quite willing to abolish all such thickets—nay, more, that he has already gone far to abolish one of them. His position as a verderer, combined with a great many other things, makes him very powerful with the authorities chiefly concerned. Sir FREDERICK YOUNG writes calmly and coolly; but Mr. BUXTON writes with a warmth which in itself suggests that he had done wrong, that he is unwilling to own it, and that he thinks his best defence will be to get into something like a rage.

This is, of course, no answer. If Mr. BUXTON has been personally concerned in spoiling Monk Wood, let him give a better reason than that assigned in the *Times* of Thursday. He says "the trees removed were 'spindly.'" This is the very point. It is a combination of spindly stems, of close underwood, of old, gnarled, decaying trunks, which make so many of the unbux—we mean unbowdlerized parts of Epping Forest so charming. An American, some years ago, complained of Hyde Park. "Our parks," he said, "are 'like gardens.' This place is much too wild." But that was before Sunday demonstrations.

#### LAW AND LIONS.

THE law, in the person of Mr. DE RUTZEN, has declared—though with an invitation that was almost a prayer to the High Court to declare the contrary—that "there is not a more fearful wild fowl than 'your lion living,'" and has thus once more demonstrated the fact that "the divine WILLIAMS" knew everything. The defendant in the case, and the owner of the wild fowl, was Mr. GEORGES MARCK, a lion-tamer now performing at the Westminster Aquarium; and the complainant was somebody representing the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. This person argued that, inasmuch as a tame linnet in a cage had been judicially decided to be a domestic animal, susceptible of such cruelty as is contemplated by the statute, a lion tame enough to do tricks must also be a domestic animal; and though Mr. MARCK declined to shelter himself behind the contrary proposition, and desired to prove that he treated his lions with humanity, Mr. DE RUTZEN was too much enamoured of the technical point to hear any evidence on the merits. A linnet, he insisted, with apparent reason, is not a lion, and the High Court must decide that so fearful a beast can be domestic before he, Mr. DE RUTZEN, will entertain the proposition.

If we may venture to prognosticate the course which our acquaintance with judicial ingenuity leads us to surmise that the Queen's Bench Division may probably take, we must confess to some apprehension that the point is not raised definitely enough to make its decision certain. No self-respecting judge would commit himself to the proposition that a lion was or was not a domestic animal unless it were necessary to the decision of the case before him that he should do so. To us it would seem that the domesticity of a lion was not a general, but an individual, question. A lion brought up from infancy in the house, like any other cat, and as tame, would surely be domestic, and a lion ramping and roaring in a strong cage in the back garden would surely not be domestic. ST. JEROME's lion must, we think, have been a domestic animal; but domesticity cannot, one would suppose, be identical with capture. Therefore, we greatly fear that the case may go back to Mr. DE RUTZEN, with injunctions to ascertain by evidence whether Mr. MARCK's lions, in particular, were domestic, and whether they were cruelly treated.

Acting on the maxim about amplifying jurisdiction, Mr. DE RUTZEN avows his wish that lions may be construed to be domestic, and, in the contrary event, he is sanguine enough to express confidence that "the 'Legislature'" will forthwith afford to them, and other denizens of "wild-beast shows," such protection against cruelty as the law can give. Considering the attitude maintained a few years ago by the party now in a majority in the House of Commons towards "occasional deviations from humanity in regard 'to cattle,'" we cannot see how legislation can consistently be proposed with a view to restraining habitual deviations from humanity with regard to tigers and the like. Yet politicians are not always pedantically consistent, and possibly Mr. DE RUTZEN may be justified of his opinion. Believing ourselves that lions who are cruelly maltreated are very unlikely to perform well, we are able to hope that Mr. MARCK's lions are treated with every consideration. No one can dispute that, from SNUG the Joiner onwards, performing lions, for their forbearance, their assiduity to please, and their willingness to exert themselves for the amusement of others, deserve nothing but the kindest treatment; and if the law does not make any one who is really cruel to them amenable to justice, every one will agree with Mr. DE RUTZEN that it ought to.



## THE PORT YARROCK.

IT is understood that Mr. H. WILSON will not be content with the effort he made to secure further inquiry into the case of the *Port Yarrock*, but that he intends to move for a Commission to "visit the sea-ports in the United Kingdom, and inquire into the 'allegations of undermanning.'" The temptation to appoint a Commission is strong with all Ministries, and apparently irresistible with this, so that Mr. WILSON may have his way. If the reply is considered unsatisfactory, Mr. H. WILSON will again "move the 'adjournment of the House.'" Whether anything will come of his efforts with the House is a matter of interest to Whips and others. As he failed to secure the necessary forty supporters on Thursday evening, he may be no more successful on Monday. Whether he is or is not, we fear that the effects of his exertions will be confined to the House, or perhaps may extend to the sending of a Commission on its travels to inquire once more into what was most copiously inquired into when Mr. PLIMSOLL was in his glory—with such results as are to be estimated from this story of the *Port Yarrock*.

It is a very dismal story, showing that vessels are sent out under the English flag so ill-manned as to be in the utmost danger except in fine weather. Unluckily this is no new thing, nor is the reflection that it is difficult, in an eminent degree, to see where a remedy is to be found. There are many excellent people in this world on whom the question, What is to be done? produces a most exasperating effect. They think they answer sufficiently by saying anything rather than nothing. With the help of Mr. PLIMSOLL they had their way a few years ago, and, as we see, the *Port Yarrock* remained possible. After all that has been done and threatened, it can still happen that a vessel can sail from this country absurdly undermanned, and apparently not in other respects well found. When it is asked how this comes to pass, Mr. H. WILSON and other authorities say from want of inspection; but, as a matter of fact, there is another explanation which is quite sufficient. The *Port Yarrock* was badly manned because all those persons who were most directly interested in the lives of those on board were either reckless or crassly negligent. The master of this vessel not only took her out to Mexico very short-handed, but when he was out there, and had his owners' leave to make some slight increase in the crew, he did not do so. It will be said that he knew he would please his employers by saving money, and that is, we dare say, true enough; but, after all, he was prepared to risk his own life for a consideration—to enter, in fact, into a species of tacit conspiracy of which he was himself eminently likely to be the victim. It appears, again, that, out of the nominal twenty-one of her crew, six were apprentices, and of these five had never been at sea before. With what amount of care and humanity must the parents or guardians of these poor boys have done their duty by them! One would think that they must have all had some strong motive for getting rid of them, and yet the fact probably is that they were all persons of average kindness who thought they were doing well by the boys. They were only stupid and negligent, that was all, otherwise they would have exercised some reasonable measure of care in selecting the ship. Then there were the men of the crew, who must have known what they were about. It appears that they were mostly foreigners, and of a rather inferior type. Good English sailors did not, we presume, choose to go to sea in the *Port Yarrock*, their services being worth having elsewhere. But if the men who went in her would not think of their own lives, is it surprising that others held them cheap? The

underwriters might do something, but they are all competing for business, and dreadfully afraid of getting a bad name. When, then, everybody who is most directly interested in looking to the efficiency of the ship is deliberately or carelessly neglectful, is it to be wondered at that inefficient ships go to sea? It has been proposed to forbid the owner of a lost vessel to recover unless he can prove that she was well found at the time of her loss. But, besides the extreme probability that this would drive bad owners into insuring abroad, even if it were not defeated by the connivance of underwriters, it would throw additional burdens on honest shipowners, who are badly burdened as it is. It is too humiliating to think that nothing can be done to stop *Port Yarrock*s—and yet nobody has told us what certainly effectual thing there is to do which shall not at the same time produce some new mischief of its own.

## DECEPTIVE DOGS.

THE spring is accountable for many things, and among them for the frequent pessimism in the autumn of those who now buy sporting dogs. For few things are more effective in making a simple shooter who never heard of his name an involuntary disciple of Schopenhauer than the autumnal exhibition afforded by the deceptive dog purchased in the fulness of the spring and of hope. Probably a spectator, too, is present—a friend the owner has of his adoption tried—up to then. But thereafter, what! for friendship, however ancient, seldom endures the solvent of wounded vanity. And that friend has listened patiently to the more or less steep stories about the new dog's price, performances, and pedigree, of which the first is, at any rate, undeniable. And then the promise of spring becomes the performance of autumn, and that way madness lies.

When the dog was bought, amid primroses and daffodils and young newly springing crops, the accomplished dog has shown his training in finding various pairs of birds or sitting hares, has ranged, quartered, stood, and backed *secundum artem*. But *then*, when the golden stubble contrasts with the deep green sheets of turnip and swede, how changed the result! What, then, the new dog may do, in what varied form he may exhibit his eccentricities, shall presently be described; he shall be limned in his habit as he lives. First, however, for the effect on the owner and his friend, to say nothing of the owner's keeper, if the latter were not consulted on the purchase, and had in his eye another one which was disregarded. It is astonishing what an amount of respectful, but latent, sarcasm a keeper's weatherbeaten features may on occasion express. But the sympathetic friend who is also an expert and a critic is, indeed, the most poignant part of the exhibition. Remembering the hope and expectation of the spring, the dog's owner feels, as he looks on the lamentable disappointment of autumn, that the presence of that friend does, indeed, sour such remnant of the milk of human kindness as remains uncurdled in his system. Vividly does he realize that Rochefoucauld's cynical axiom is of general application. Whether civil condolence or well-suppressed amusement be most irritating is a question which must remain unanswered. Only he feels sure of one thing, that buying new dogs is, indeed, a lottery.

And whether it be that the dog often works well at a mere dress-rehearsal only, or simply because his original trainer and owner is present, or whether from pure autumnal "cussedness," the fact remains that the handsome, well-bred pointer or setter of the spring frequently becomes in September, though handsome as ever, a duffer of the rankest kind. Many brilliant exceptions there are; but with these we are not concerned. The exceptions are our theme. Happy the reader who, loving his dog and his gun, has had no similar experience! Probably not a few will chew the cud of bitter memories on reading these lines.

Your deceptive dog—perhaps of the two the setter more usually fills the part—has one characteristic, he is essentially varied in his style. There are different developments of deceit in the race, custom cannot stale their infinite

variety. As indirect causes of the most violent language and the most angry passions, they are second to none. If the owner be a philosopher as well as a shooter (though that dual rôle more generally belongs to the angler), he will derive a certain grim amusement from the wide extent of the deceptive dog's achievements. Space is limited—not so the vagaries of the deceiver when real work begins, and shots are fired in earnest. We can but indicate a few leading types; they are as varied as the opinions of the supporters of the new Administration, and about as contradictory. Thus, on the first brace of birds being brought down, the new dog may, with a howl of fear, fly wildly to the rear, and on being invited, first with remonstrances and then with curses, to return, take a bee-line for his kennel. Another performer takes up a more vigorous line, with a similar howl, but of exultation; he rushes at the fallen birds, and shakes them as a terrier does a rat. Shooters who are not philosophic have been known on such occasions to end the dog and their doubts by a cartridge. But this is a matter which is of doubtful efficacy when the price has been high. Possibly on a show-bench the culprit might return his value. Some have taken this view, which may not be moral, but has a good deal of human nature about it. Again, the deceptive dog may develop a less pronounced style of "dufferism," neither bolting to front nor rear, but slowly drawing on and with "damnable iteration" at every lark or small bird in the field. Yet again, he may from lack of nose stand at nothing, but blithely run over and flush every covey he comes across, gazing at them as they whirr away out of range, with the air of a dog who is genuinely astonished at such winged phenomena, not seldom wagging his tail, with a glance at his disgusted owner, as if expecting appreciation of his cleverness. Or he may, and often does, perform irreproachably as long as winged game is before him, until a hare canters off from her form or a rabbit jumps out of a grass clump, when, with an exulting bark, he gallops off in chase in a way which, according to general rumour, would endear him to a Continental sportsman, but which the brumous islander is too prejudiced to appreciate. Then do the barking of the flying pointer or setter, the cracking of the dog-whip, the resonant imprecations of owner and keeper, and the whirring of startled birds, combine in a *mélange* of melody that makes "the cospes ring." Perhaps, again, the deceptive dog prefers a policy of masterly inactivity, and keeps stolidly at heel, or, on being urged to range in front, merely lies down, and, to use a classicism, "chucks it up."

Of the retriever as the fashionable dog of the day much might be written. A really good one, in the highest sense of the word, is rare indeed. *Nascitur non fit*. Many showy animals are inferior to an ugly mongrel of genius, which, with practice, becomes invaluable. The deceptive retriever is often of the handsomest and stateliest till the arduous work begins. Then has he many pretty little characteristics, of which, at any rate, it may be said that they are all admirable tests of philosophic patience, usually with the same result as that of the toothache. What does he do? What *doesn't* he do? Commonly he bolts off, on the gun being fired, without orders, nor checks his wild career till he has spoiled all the chances on that part of the beat. Or he may act in precisely contrary fashion, remaining at heel till, on being urged more or less forcibly to hunt for the game, he goes off in most perfunctory fashion, and disappears in the covert, returning thence after a long interval with open mouth and lolling tongue, and a generally idiotic aspect. Or, again, he begins in workmanlike style after a running bird; but, on a rabbit crossing his path, starts off on a cheery chase, forgetting his errand, and usually runs through a coppice or two, putting up everything before he returns—if he returns at all, for he is sometimes wise enough to sneak homewards after his expedition. Then, as a variety, he may develop too much energy, may duly retrieve his bird, and, having got it, proceed to mangle it, as if he were employed as a mincing machine. Or he may retrieve very nicely up to a certain point, and then drop his bird, say, on the other side of a stream, and come contentedly empty-mouthed up to his beloved master. But, indeed, the freaks of deceptive dogs are as innumerable as the flowers that surround them when bought in spring.

#### MONEY MATTERS.

ACCORDING to the Budget published in Calcutta on the 22nd, the year that ended exactly twelve months ago closed with a deficit of Rx833,000, being somewhat better than the revised estimate. It is hardly necessary, perhaps, to remind readers that "Rx" means tens of rupees. According to the revised estimates, there will be for the year that closes this evening a deficit of Rx1,793,000, being Rx198,000 more than was anticipated in the Budget—which is certainly not unsatisfactory, considering all that has happened during the year. It is pleasant to find that the land revenue exceeds by five million rupees any return of previous years, and that the railway revenue also shows a remarkable improvement. From this it is clear that the economic condition of India is steadily growing better. Of course it is to be borne in mind that the railway mileage is being increased every year. But the additions made annually are not such as would explain the large increase in the receipts; and when that large increase is taken into account along with the marked improvement in the land revenue, it is evident that the condition of the people is highly satisfactory. On the other hand, there is a great falling off in the opium revenue, partly due to the smallness of the crop, and partly to the disturbance of the trade with China caused by the closing of the mints. The smaller opium revenue has, of course, led to lesser expenditure upon opium. But almost all other branches of expenditure show an increase. The new Compensation Allowances granted to officials and the new loans raised have, of course, added to the outlay. But there was a saving on Special Defence Works. For the year that will begin to-morrow it is estimated that the revenue will exceed that of the closing year by Rx155,000, it being anticipated that larger returns from land, salt, and railways will rather more than offset the loss on the seigniorage of coinage and the continued falling off in opium. On the expenditure side there is expected to be a saving of 13,000*l.* in England, but a small increase of Rx440,000 in India. On the other hand, it is estimated that there will be an additional loss by exchange of Rx1,371,000. In the final result it is estimated that there will be a deficit of Rx2,923,000. The new import duties will add Rx1,140,000 to the revenue, and the suspension of Famine Insurance will save Rx1,076,000, while further contributions from the provincial Governments will yield Rx405,000. By these three measures the deficit is reduced to Rx302,000; and no attempt apparently is made to cover this smaller deficit. Mr. Westland wound up with the statement that his programme at present is one of retrenchment and vigilance intended to tide over a period of transition. He admits that his measures are purely temporary, and acknowledges that the position will have to be reconsidered twelve months hence, in the light of the more definite knowledge then available. Upon the whole, it must be admitted that the Budget is far less unsatisfactory than was expected. India is going through a very serious crisis, owing to the extraordinary depreciation of silver, and under such circumstances the fact that the deficit is estimated at less than 3 crores is a hopeful sign. When we pass from the figures relating to the revenue and expenditure to those relating to the Home Charges, as they are called—that is to say, the liabilities which the Indian Government has to meet in London—the prospect becomes far less cheerful. During the year which is closing the India Council borrowed 6 millions sterling in Treasury bills running for six months, and it borrowed further rather more than a million and a quarter sterling on Debentures, making together somewhat more than 7½ millions sterling. The Debentures run for a considerable time, and for the present, therefore, may be left out of account. But the Treasury bills will begin to expire in a month or two, and it is clearly out of the question to attempt to pay them off by the sale of ordinary Council bills. Therefore, Mr. Westland announces that the 6 millions sterling of Treasury bills will be renewed. Furthermore, he tells us that a fresh loan for 2,300,000*l.* will be raised in London; so that between the bills renewed and the fresh borrowing there will have to be raised in the new year somewhat over 8½ millions sterling. Add to this that the Council requires to raise by the sale of its ordinary bills 17 millions sterling in the course of the year. Whether it can do so experience alone can decide. At the present time it does not look probable. In the year just closing the Council has raised little more than half the amount. That it



can raise in the new year nearly twice as much as in the closing year is not very likely. But, if the Council cannot sell bills to realize 17 millions sterling, then it will have to borrow more than Mr. Westland announces. What may be sold nobody can yet say. This is the real difficulty of the Indian Government. In the coming year it has to find in some way or other, in London, over 19½ millions sterling, of which it is proposed to borrow rather more than 2¼ millions sterling; and, furthermore, it has to renew six months bills amounting to 6 millions sterling. Reckoning the renewals, there are thus rather more than 25¼ millions sterling to be raised by the Council in the course of the twelve months. It is an enormous sum; and nothing ought to be left undone to reduce in the future, as much as possible, these Home Charges.

During the week there has again been a very strong demand for short loans, and the Bank of England has done a very large business at 2 per cent. The rate of discount in the open market, however, is still very low—only about 1½ per cent. The impression grows that in a week or two money will become exceedingly abundant and cheap, and that rates for a long time will be exceedingly low. On the Continent and in the United States, as well as here, the supplies are exceptionally large, and the Bank of England continues to receive gold at an extraordinary rate. During the week ended Wednesday night, the net receipts were very nearly 400,000*l.*; and they are likely to continue large for a good while yet, for the production of gold, especially in South Africa, is rapidly increasing.

The India Council on Wednesday was very successful in the sale of its drafts. It offered for public tender, as usual, 50 lakhs of rupees in bills and telegraphic transfers, and the applications were for about two and a half times as much. The whole amount was sold, and the purchasers were allotted only about 42 per cent. of the amounts asked for. The prices obtained, too, were very satisfactory—about 1*s.* 13½*d.* per rupee for bills, and 1*s.* 1½*d.* per rupee for transfers. In the afternoon about 10 lakhs more were sold by special contract, at prices ranging from 1*s.* 1½*d.* to 1*s.* 1¼*d.* per rupee. Wednesday was the last day on which public tenders are received for the closing financial year, and up to that evening the drafts sold realized somewhat more than 9½ millions sterling. According to the Budget published in March of last year, the Council required to raise very nearly 18½ millions sterling. Consequently, on Wednesday evening it was short of the amount required by between 9 and 9½ millions sterling. No doubt it will have sold somewhat more to-day, yesterday, and the day before; say, roughly, that the sales realize about 9 millions sterling less than the amount required. On the other hand, the Council has borrowed rather more than 7¼ millions sterling, so that it would appear to be short by about a million and a half sterling, or not much less. In the new year, as pointed out above, the Council will require to raise 17 millions sterling, and it will have to borrow rather more than 2½ millions sterling. Whether the loan is intended to cover the arrears is not known. If not, then, in addition to the 19½ millions sterling and the 6 millions sterling of Treasury Bills that will have to be renewed, the Council will have to provide for arrears of about a million and a half sterling. But probably the arrears are included in the contemplated loan.

Amongst the assets in the Baring estate were 1,600,000*l.* nominal of Uruguayan Government Three and a Half per Cent. Consolidated Bonds. For a considerable time past negotiations have been going on from time to time between a powerful Syndicate and Messrs. Baring Brothers for the purchase of these bonds. This week it is announced that the Syndicate has bought firm 1,000,000*l.* nominal at 40, which gives exactly 400,000*l.* The Syndicate, besides, has obtained an option for the remaining 600,000*l.* nominal at a figure which would raise the average price for the whole 1,600,000*l.* nominal to about 42½. In other words, the Baring estate would receive 680,000*l.*, or thereabouts, for the bonds of the nominal value of 1,600,000*l.*, bearing 3½ per cent. interest. The arrangement is not a very satisfactory one for the Messrs. Baring. An annuity amounting altogether to 56,000*l.* per annum is sold at the rate of about 7¼ years' purchase. But it has been welcomed by the market—first, as evidence that the Baring liquidation is being carried through more rapidly than had been expected; and, secondly, as a symptom that the great financial houses think all the difficulties are now past, and that the investing public is ready to buy upon a very large scale. Natu-

rally there has been a sharp rise in Uruguayan bonds. Most South American securities have shared in the advance, and, indeed, it may be said generally that speculation has been greatly stimulated.

It is to be hoped that the general public will not be led away by the over-sanguine feeling now prevailing on the Stock Exchange. It is quite true, of course, that so far as Europe is concerned the crisis is at an end, that confidence is rapidly reviving, that money is exceedingly cheap and likely to continue so, and that as far as can be seen peace is assured for some years to come. But, for all that, reckless speculation would be most dangerous. Nobody should shut his eyes to the fact that the condition of both North and South America is far from satisfactory, and that the silver crisis is still with us. Uruguay, no doubt, is improving, but the character and policy of the new President are yet unknown. The outlook in Argentina is threatening. Politics are in an unsatisfactory state, and there are fears of commercial troubles. The civil war in Brazil is yet far from an end; and in the United States the Tariff discussion has not begun in the Senate, while the Inflationists are as active as ever in trying to increase the already greatly excessive circulation. We would urge, therefore, upon the investing public not to be led away by the illusions of the Stock Exchange. It is a good time for careful investment, but speculation ought to be altogether avoided.

Uruguayan Three and a Half per Cents closed on Thursday at 43½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 3; Argentine Funding Loan closed at 72½, a rise of 2½; Argentine Fives of '86 closed at 68½, a rise of 1; Brazilian Four and a Half closed at 68½, a rise of 2½; Chilean Fives closed at 92, a rise of 1; Venezuelan closed at 39, a rise of 1; and Ecuador New Bonds closed at 36½, a rise of 2. It will be seen that the purchase of the Baring Uruguayan bonds has stimulated speculation in all South American securities. It may be mentioned, by the way, that the Syndicate who purchased those bonds is said to have sold some at a handsome profit of about 3 on Thursday, and with a further rise the call obtained by the Syndicate will be made use of. The Inter-Bourse Department of the Foreign market has likewise been very firm during the week. Thus German Threes closed on Thursday at 88, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 1; and Greeks of 1884 closed at 29½, a rise of 1½. In the American department, the advance which has been going on for some time has made further progress; although, as we pointed out above, there is absolutely no change in the economic situation in America. Illinois Central shares closed at 97½, a rise of 1½; and Lake Shore closed at 133½, a rise of 1½. Home Railway stocks have likewise been in good demand, and are, generally speaking, higher, with the exception of Midland, which closed on Thursday at 155½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of ½. On the other hand, London and North-Western closed at 168½, a rise of ½; Great Western closed at 162½, likewise a rise of ½; Lancashire and Yorkshire closed at 107, a rise of 1; South-Eastern Undivided closed at 117, also a rise of 1; and London and South-Western Undivided closed at 188, a rise of 2. Another electric underground railway project—the Charing Cross and Hampstead Railway—has been introduced, and the Central London Railway will shortly be in the market.

#### THE LATEST WORD ON "HYPNOTISM."

PROFESSOR BENEDIKT, of Vienna, has lately published a critical essay on "hypnotism," which is for several reasons the most interesting contribution to the subject that has appeared for a long time. The writer is a distinguished authority on diseases of the nerves, and enjoys the reputation of being a daring, but sound and careful, investigator, neither afraid of touching unorthodox subjects nor liable to be carried away by them. His experience of hypnotism dates from 1870, when he made his first experiments, ten years before the present revival began in France, and since then he has studied every phase of it with an open, but keenly critical, mind. His main conclusion can be summed up in a very few words—hypnotism is real, but practically no good. This is not new; it was precisely Charcot's conclusion, and it is that of every clear-headed and honest observer. But it cannot be stated too often and too plainly

at a time when the public is being constantly misled in two opposite directions, on the one side by those who deny the facts and ascribe them to imposture or bad observation, and on the other by those who claim to have discovered in them a new and powerful means of treating disease. Until the truth of the matter is clearly grasped we shall go on having periodical revivals of the mystery, attended by great excitement, wild exaggerations, and extravagant claims, to be followed by a gradual subsidence and disappearance of the whole subject—until next time. We are going through that process now for the fourth or fifth time within a hundred years, and we shall probably go through it again twenty or thirty years hence. Mesmerism or hypnotism—for they are absolutely identical—keeps turning up at intervals because it is real, and disappears again every time because it is useless or harmful. When these facts—namely, its reality and its uselessness—are generally recognized and taught, then there will be some chance of effectually laying it on the shelf and preventing it from making fools of every fresh generation, but not till then. Accordingly, we welcome Professor Benedikt as the latest witness, and a very valuable one, to the truth.

The reality of the mesmeric condition is not a profitable subject for argument, but the following incident, related by Professor Benedikt, will carry weight with some readers. At the Anthropological Congress held in Paris in 1878, Virchow asked Benedikt to introduce him to Charcot, who had then recently taken up the study of mesmerism; and they all three visited the latter's *clinique*. Here Charcot showed them his famous cases of "grand hysteria," and demonstrated his method of conducting the patient from one phase of the attack to another. "Surprised and astonished as Virchow was, we were both completely convinced, as completely as Charcot himself, that we were dealing with indubitable facts. I must admit feeling a certain malicious pleasure in getting Virchow to recognize these experiments, which were certainly connected in some degree with animal magnetism." It was, in point of fact, a hypnotic demonstration; and if Virchow, Charcot, and Benedikt were guilty of "bad observation," then we are afraid the medical profession is quite hopeless, unless Lord Kelvin himself will kindly come to its assistance. Professor Benedikt is fully alive to the extreme liability to imposture and deception involved in these experiments, and points out with great force how and why this occurs; but, as he pertinently observes, it is utterly illogical to deny the original fact because it may be imitated. "Otherwise one must maintain that there are no genuine emotions, no genuine madness, and no genuine dying, because they can all be artificially imitated in such a masterly and deceptive manner." He has the most utter distrust of all professional subjects or mediums, as he calls them; and we may remark here that these people are just as useless for disproving as for proving supposed facts, because they have got into such a state that they do not know themselves where reality ends and imposture begins, and will say or do whatever they believe is expected of them, even to confessing imposture, whether it has occurred or not. Benedikt is, then, a systematic sceptic, both by nature and training, particularly on his guard against deception and equally competent to detect it. "Hypnotic experiments," he says, "without objective proof, cannot in general be used as facts having the value of scientific evidence." Further, "only experiments carried out on disinterested individuals unversed in the mysteries of hypnosis have any value." When, in spite of this guarded attitude, he unhesitatingly adds his testimony to that of other distinguished observers as to the reality of the hypnotic condition, mere dogged denial of its existence becomes foolish.

As a method of treatment he condemns it emphatically, while admitting that it possesses a certain therapeutic action, which may, perhaps, be applied with benefit here and there in a rare and exceptional case when everything else has failed. This was precisely Charcot's position. Systematic hypnotization is not only useless, but actively injurious, as it has a "demoralizing influence on the intellect, the will, and the psychical independence of the subject"; it may relieve for a moment, but eventually lowers the organism like narcotics; it is even "an offence against the security of life." This opinion is derived from experience, as it was with Charcot; but it is supported by reason and common sense. A hypnotic patient is like a rider with a bad seat, who cannot keep his equilibrium, and falls off his horse. Holding him on by a strong hand is all very well for the

moment, but it leaves him more helpless than before. So with the hypnotic subject who has a weak mental balance, artificial support by "suggestion" only increases his damnation. The Nancy "school," which has chiefly exploited this precious method of treatment, is demolished by Professor Benedikt with cutting scorn, though he has a word of contemptuous kindness for "poor Dr. Luys" and the "naïve Bérillon." In connexion with the Nancy people we may refer to the question of the identity of hypnotism with mesmerism, animal magnetism, and the other older terms. The point is important, because the claims now made for hypnotism rest entirely on the assumption that it is something new. Professor Benedikt's view is very decided. "It is," he says, "a universal trick nowadays to give new Greek names to old inventions and then to figure as discoverers and pioneers." He would abolish the term hypnotism—surely one of the most foolish ever invented—altogether, and use mesmerism instead, or "artificial catalepsy." The latter is open to the serious objection that it already has another and a different meaning; but mesmerism is unexceptionable. It commits to no theory, and was commonly in use when all the supposed new discoveries were made half a century ago.

Professor Benedikt does not indulge in much theorizing about the nature of the mesmeric state, but he believes that it depends on some form of artificially produced tension and relaxation, and he thinks that the problem will be solved—in part, at least—when we have a proper instrument for measuring "bio-mechanical tensions." "Whether it will be constructed on the electrical, the magnetic, the chemical, or some other hitherto unknown principle, I do not know. But the facts, long ago put forward by Mesmer in classical style, point to polar opposites; and those of transference, &c. show conclusively that we have to deal with processes of tension and relaxation." With the exception of a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, Professor Benedikt alone, among all the modern expounders of the subject, has had the insight or the courage to do Mesmer justice. From the foregoing passage, and from others in the essay, it is clear that he considers the theory that mesmerism is purely "subjective" to be nonsense. And, indeed, those who maintain it either do not know the meaning of the word subjective or are ignorant of the facts. With regard to the obscure question of the transmission of impulses without contact, which has been airily dismissed by some would-be authorities, he declines to decide whether it is effected by direct action or only through the imagination; "although," he adds significantly, "I have seen Hansen produce startling effects on individuals known to me and studied by me, and I have myself often observed its operation in cases which were as free as possible from objection."

In conclusion, he thinks the greatest practical service rendered by the modern revival of mesmerism has been to draw the attention of physiologists to the intimate relations between the mind and the body, an opinion with which we entirely agree.

#### THE THEATRES.

ONCE Upon a Time, the Haymarket adaptation—and it is an adaptation, and not a mere translation—of Herr Fulda's *Der Talisman*, by Messrs. L. N. Parker and Herbert Beerbohm Tree, comes to us as a charmingly novel experiment. In the blending of the sentimental, in the best sense of that much misused word, with the fantastic and satirical, the author and adapters have displayed great skill; for it would have been very easy to spoil the effect by carelessness or want of tact, and in this respect Mr. Tree the actor, as well as Mr. Tree the adapter, has shown most excellent judgment in his handling of the character of the King. In spite of all the foibles of this weak and none too virtuous monarch, it is necessary that a vein of sympathy should run through our interest in him. This Mr. Tree has accomplished with triumphant success, and throughout he suggested the better nature underlying the surface vices fostered by the sedulous flattery of courtiers. The broader humour of the play is supplied by the character of Habakuk, a basket-maker, capably played by Mr. Lionel Brough. Mrs. Tree invested Rita, the daughter of Habakuk, not only with grace and refinement, but also with a bright and charming humour. Magdalena, the daughter of the faithful General Diomedes, and the object of the King's



illicit love, is conceived in a key somewhat too monotonously passionate; but Miss Julia Neilson successfully resisted the temptation to overact, and at the same time gave full effect to the forcible and eloquent passages. As Omar, the suggester of the invisible garment, Mr. Fred Terry makes a picturesque and romantic figure. That the scene is indefinitely "A Kingdom by the Sea" and the period "Once upon a time" affords the largest scope to the costumier and scene-painter, and of this Mr. Tree has availed himself to make extremely sumptuous and beautiful a production to the consideration of which we hope soon to return.

Sir Augustus Harris has given, and is giving, a series of operas in English at Drury Lane, of which we may have more to say. Meanwhile, we congratulate the *impresario* on his enterprise and judgment.

#### THE MIRACLE OF THE HOLY FIRE.

"IN the year of the Armenians 550," so writes a temporary Armenian historian, "a strange and terrible thing took place in the Holy City of Jerusalem; the light that burns over the tomb of Christ our Lord was no longer kindled, according to its wont; it shone not on the Saturday, and the lamps remained unlit until the Easter Sunday, when, at the ninth hour, they sparkled up of their own accord." For centuries—no one knew precisely for how long—both Eastern and Western Christians had believed, almost as an article of faith, that on the day after Good Friday the lamp that hung above our Lord's tomb in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, at Jerusalem, was kindled by miraculous agency in honour of the great event that the church was about to celebrate on the morrow. The intermission of this practice in Easter 1101 was of course due to the craft of the Syrian or Greek priests, who were angered at seeing their own special temple wrested out of their hands, and turned into a Latin church with a Latin ritual. Hence, they refused to disclose to their new masters the jealously guarded secret as to their method of securing the annual recurrence of the phenomenon which has attracted so many pilgrims to Jerusalem during mediæval, as well as modern, times; and, naturally enough, when the fire failed to burn, they turned the matter to their own account, and proclaimed it as a sign of God's displeasure, manifested in this striking way, against the intruders. But, by the time Easter came round once more, the Greek priests had thought better of their action; or, it may be, the Latin priests found out a way of evoking the old miracle without their rivals' help. Anyhow, the year 1102 saw the Easter fire burning as brightly as ever, and found the usual throng of devotees from all lands crowding round the church to witness this remarkable display of conscious fraud and unconscious credulity.

Up till now it has generally been imagined by mediæval scholars that the "Miracle of the Holy Fire" was in the days of the First Crusade a comparatively modern invention. Historian after historian has pointed out that there is no mention of this "miracle" to be found in any writer earlier than Bernard the Monk, who, in the days before any Normandy existed, made his way as a pilgrim from the great Abbey of St. Michael's, on the Breton coast, to its mother-house on Mount Gargano, in Italy. From Gargano Bernard and his two comrades went to Tarento, whence they sailed in a Saracen slave vessel to Alexandria. Then, after more than one exciting adventure, after prison and extortion, if not after open robbery, Bernard at last—somewhere about the year 870 A.D.—found himself in Jerusalem. In the account he wrote of his travels he refers his readers to Bede for a description of the Holy Sepulchre itself, saying that he, for his part, would give the little space at his disposal to a matter of which Bede makes no mention. Then follows his account of the great "miracle" as he may have seen it more than a thousand years ago:—"Nevertheless I must say that on Holy Saturday—i.e. on Easter Eve—the service in this church begins early; and after this service they sing the 'Kyrie eleison' till an angel comes and lights the lamps which hang above the aforesaid sepulchre. Of the flame thus kindled the patriarch gives [a light] to the bishops and the other people that each may have a [holy] light in his own place."

In the absence of any precise evidence of an earlier miracle—especially since there is no hint of any such thing in

the long pages in which Arculf (c. 690 A.D.) and our English Willibald (c. 730 A.D.) give an account of their pilgrimages in Palestine, where the latter traveller spent eight or ten years, it is only natural to suppose that the legend grew up between 730 A.D. and 870 A.D., or at the utmost was a novel practice introduced during the times of confusion subsequent to the Saracen conquest of Syria. A chance allusion, however, in Gregory of Tours, who wrote before 600 A.D., may cast some doubt upon this theory; and if, thanks to him, we can cross the Rubicon of 636, there is upon its further side no special point which we can fix upon with certainty as a time previous to which the "miracle" did not exist.

It is a common error to suppose that there was no movement of travel in Western Europe during the Merovingian and Carolingian periods. People forget all that is implied in our own Alfred's embassy to the Christians of India, and in Charlemagne's embassy to Bagdad. Earlier still there was frequent intercourse between France and the East, as we might learn from Gregory's account of the Syrians settled at Orleans, and of that forgotten St. Abraham who, like his namesake in the Old Testament, forsook his first home by the Euphrates—not, indeed, for Egypt alone, but for a home far more distant in the Frankish or Visigothic Auvergne. Nor in Merovingian days was it merely the East that visited the West; the West visited the East. The archives of Gregory's own church told how one of his predecessors at Tours had made his way in the days of Clovis or his sons to Jerusalem; and in Gregory's own phrase the Merovingian Queen, Radegundis, in her hunger for relics, sent her servants out to scour "Jerusalem and the whole East" on this pious quest. Her messengers (*pueri*, i.e. *garçons*) were found in Southern India, in Edessa, in Palestine, and from them Gregory drew much of the information he incidentally gives us on this curious topic.

Amongst the relics deposited by Queen Radegundis in a silver shrine at Poitiers was a fragment of the Holy Cross. And of this relic brought by Queen Radegundis's messengers from Jerusalem and the East, Gregory tells what is practically the story of the Easter miracle of the Holy Fire. Only in his pages he transfers the scene to Poitiers, and makes the miracle sporadic, not recurrent. "Of which relics," so run the Bishop's words, "I will set forth one thing which our Lord deigned to reveal in the days of His Passion. On the sixth day (i.e. the Friday) before Easter, while people were spending the night (in the church at Poitiers) in vigil without a light, about the third hour of the night there appeared before the altar a little light as it were a spark." This light rose and fell till dawn, when it finally died away, but, perhaps, not before other torches had been kindled in its flame; for Gregory is careful to add that the lamps burning before these relics from Jerusalem and the East distilled miraculous oil, which he himself collected in a vessel. Here we have all the essentials of the Miracle of the Holy Fire with the addition of the oil; the time of occurrence is not, it is true, the Saturday before Easter according to our reckoning, but it is the Saturday before Easter according to Oriental reckoning—in other words, the miracle is wrought at an hour which may be reckoned as Friday or Saturday according to the nationality of the spectator. It requires no great stretch of the imagination to connect the occurrence of this Holy Fire on Easter Eve at Poitiers with Queen Radegundis's envoys to Jerusalem—envoys who had so lately come home from the Holy City, bringing these relics with them—relics whose value would be intensified if they explained the chance Easter fire at Poitiers on the analogy of the legend of an earlier Easter fire at Jerusalem. We are not to suppose that in the sixth or even in the ninth century the Miracle of the Holy Fire was as yet annual; all analogy would lead us to expect it to be sporadic first, and only later transformed, for purposes of greed, into an annual occurrence. Such a theory will account for the silence of our earlier travellers on this matter, and there is no word in Bernard the Wise which implies that he witnessed the miracle in person.

The question remains:—Is there any sporadic instance of a similar miracle taking place at Jerusalem at the same time (Easter) and in the same place (a Christian church)? This question may be unhesitatingly answered in the affirmative. Two hundred years before Queen Radegundis's messengers were at Jerusalem Eusebius picked up and committed to writing a story which was current in his days as to the virtues of an earlier bishop of Jerusalem, that Narcissus

whom men fabled to have been raised from the very tomb in order that, in hours of stress and peril, he might take upon his shoulders for a second time the office he had borne so well. Amongst the many miracles narrated by Eusebius is one to this effect. Narcissus and his deacons were watching in their church at Jerusalem through the night on the great Easter Vigil. Suddenly the oil failed; the lamps went out, and the assembled multitude was struck with terror. But Narcissus, equal to the occasion, ordered the attendants to bring him water. This water turned into oil as he fed the lamps; the remains or drippings of this oil were collected by the pious onlookers, and even in Eusebius's own days these onlookers or their descendants treasured up their drops of oil in evidence of the strange miracle wrought so many years before.

It will be seen that in this early miracle wrought by Narcissus we have every element both of the later Holy Fire at Jerusalem and at Poitiers; in all cases it takes place at Easter. Men's estimate of probability differs much; but some at least there are who cannot help thinking that in the legend of Narcissus we have the first germ of the later Holy Fire; and that in Gregory's pages we have an adaptation of the same legend picked up perhaps by Queen Radegundis's envoys during their visit to Jerusalem.

#### AD NAVEM GLADSTONIANAM.

(A Stray Ode from a Forthcoming Volume of Translations.)

NEW billows are bearing you seaward! Yes, *novi*,  
O *navis*, in *mare te referent fluctus*.  
In haste to some safe and convenient cove hie,  
The waves of mishap have sufficiently duckt us.  
Good ship, they still menace you, why should you court 'em?  
Take counsel, and *fortiter occupa portum*.

You have sadly declined from a seaworthy status,  
You're whirled by the tempest, a reeler and heeler;  
And look at your *nudum remigio latus*  
And masts badly mauled by the *Africus celer*!  
Each blast draws a groan from your straining *antennæ*,  
And as for your *funes*, by Jove! there ain't any!

'Tis a serious want, and an awkward quandary  
For vessels that venture themselves on the briny;  
Without these appliances *possint durare*  
*Vix imperiosius æquor carinae*.  
Your *ligna*, too, are all storm-rent and tattered,  
Your *di pressa malo quos voces* are shattered.

And do not, I warn you, too fondly rely on  
That *Scotica pinus* your hull has been patched with,  
That *nobilis silvæ Primroseæ* scion,  
That wood that none other you thought could be matched  
with.  
Such trumpeting well may prove futilely tootle-ly,  
*Jactes et genus et nomen inutile*.

Or take him as figure-head showily tricked—is  
That dodge to be deemed a success till you've tried it,  
When L-bby's remonstrance reminds you that *pictis*  
*Nil timidus puppibus navita fidit*!  
Some day you may learn what the Rad's discontent is;  
Beware, *nisi debes ludibrium ventis*.

O ship I once captained! O ship that was *nuper*  
(Too often I own) a *sollicitum tadium*,  
I look at you now, an unoccupied "super,"  
With different eyes through a different medium.  
To see you your safety in harbour achieve is  
Become *desiderium* and *cura non levis*.

Avoid, then, these risky political *æquora*,  
Cyclades sown amid seas *interfusa*,  
And steer as though each Ministerial clique were a  
Rock to be shunned like a Head of Medusa;  
For, believe me 'twill need the most vigilant watch  
Not to wreck on some Cyclad, Welsh, Irish, or Scotch.

## REVIEWS.

### ARCHBISHOP LAUD.

*A Life of Archbishop Laud.* By "A Romish Recusant." London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1894.

THE position of "A Romish Recusant," whom, since he has not chosen to unveil himself, it is not necessary here to designate with any greater fulness, is defined with sufficient clearness in two passages of some length—one in his preface, one in his conclusion—which we shall quote:—

"All this has been easy to say: I must now tread upon more delicate ground. A life of a Protestant Archbishop written by a Catholic and a convert is likely to be looked upon by the majority of English readers as an attack from the enemy; moreover, an idea still largely prevails in this country that Catholics are never to be trusted when they deal with historical subjects, and that converts are invariably bitter. As to the two last mentioned imputations, while I should be sorry to think it necessary to reply to the first of them, I have something to say about the second. A convert from the Anglican to the Catholic Church may regard the establishment which he has repudiated in one of two lights. He may either look at it with feelings of resentment as an heretical body which long kept him away from what he believes to be the true Church, by counterfeiting its authority, its doctrines, and its ceremonies; or he may see in it an heretical body, it is true, but one retaining many valuable vestiges, traditions, and principles of the ancient Church, to which, by the grace of God, they led him when followed to their logical conclusions, and he may reflect that whither they have led him they may also lead others.

"In attacking what they consider the errors of Anglicanism, Catholics, like other combatants, cannot fight in silken gloves; the weapons they use, be they logic, invective, or even satire, may be sharp and may cause pain."

"From the earliest times of the Anglican Church Establishment to this very moment, High-Churchmen have been accused of being in league with Rome, of furthering the interests of Rome, of being Romanists at heart, and, for the most part, very unjustly. People of every school of thought except their own, and most of all Catholics, see how illogical is their position; but they are blind to it themselves. They believe themselves to be in the Catholic Church; they acknowledge "Roman" Catholics to be a branch of the Church, or a sister Church, or a local Church; but only as a rotten branch, as a fallen sister, or as a local establishment which has no business away from home. Catholics would be as eager as they are themselves to clear Anglicans of "Romanism."

It was once said (no matter by whom) that an apology is always to a greater or less extent a provocation. But we shall not consider it necessary in reviewing this interesting book to disturb, much less to pick up, the glove which perhaps hangs rather loosely on the hand that is offered to us. It would, of course, be easy to point out that the "Recusant" does not exaggerate a certain *prima facie* awkwardness which attaches to his position. To illustrate what that awkwardness is we shall only write here what we should say to a convert from the Roman branch of the Catholic Church if he asked our opinion on his intention of dealing with any celebrity of his former communion, or—to come to close quarters—what we should have said to Chillingworth himself if he had consulted us. We should have said "Don't." From the sentimental side a man can never speak evil of an old love without suspicion of rancour; and from the intellectual the retort, however unfair, is necessarily damaging. "You admit you were wrong yesterday; how do you know that you are right to-day?"

The author of this book, however, has deliberately faced his dangers; and it is impossible not to admit that the form which his book has taken, and which, as he says, might almost better have justified the title *Materials for a Life of Laud* than the actual label, removes him from a great part of their imminence, while a natural generosity and good feeling protect him otherwise. We have repeatedly here expressed the opinion—to which we adhere more and more as time and experience accrue—that it is much better that history should be written by an honest partisan who runs up his flag boldly, and keeps it flying, than by a wishy-washy Laodicean or a man who aims at an impossible and jejune impartiality. And, to use words which the "Recusant's" own invite, or at any rate excuse, we can assure him that nothing he has said or could say would give "pain" to us. The kind of High Churchman who hangs (and shivers) in the wind between the opposing blasts of desire to be united with the "Mother Church" and reluctance to quit his own may be made uncomfortable by this book. The "Protestant"



may be shocked at it. But the Anglican of the old rock, who knows, by hard study and repeated examination, that his Church holds a position impregnable at once in logic, in history, and in doctrinal orthodoxy, is not likely to receive anything but edification from it. On the contrary, it has for him the inestimable merit of an observation of the facts taken from a point of view different from his own. When transits of Venus occur, Governments and individuals send at vast expense expeditions to remote climes to benefit by the opportunity. The author of this book has given us a similar opportunity in regard to the career of the man who, by ethical virtue and divine aid, perhaps rather than by any astonishing intellectual or political ability, had the immortal glory of confirming the Anglican Church in the right way, and of sealing the confirmation with his blood. Laud had other merits than this, the chief of which was, that he impressed on the English Universities, and especially on his own, the character which they kept for more than two centuries, and the recent effacement or weakening of which has done more, perhaps, than anything else to hurt the national weal in its range and degree. But his ground of beatification is that first stated; and it cannot but be interesting to see what "A Romish Recusant" has to say about the man but for whom the Church of England, humanly speaking, might have become a mere establishment.

It is, of course, not to be supposed that "A Romish Recusant" could deal with such a man in an absolutely impartial fashion. But there is no need for us to discuss his various little hits and flings at "Ritualists"; his speculations on the annoyance Laud must have felt on meeting a "real bishop"; his gentle reminder that, if Laud's time be argued to have required no very high standard of saintliness from him, it was the time of "St. Camillus of Lellis, the founder of a great order of men-nurses." Let us grant freely that Laud did not found a great order of men-nurses, though he did himself sit up with Buckingham when the Duke was ill; and let us keep *in petto* our own private opinions as to the amount of doubt or jealousy that the stout little man was likely to have felt of the "reality" of his own bishopric. The points on which the "Recusant's" opinions (delivered by way of comment on a cento of extracts connected by narrative, which is always readable, and not seldom decidedly amusing) have real interest and importance seem to be these—Laud's attitude towards the overtures (if any) made to him by the Church of Rome; his attitude towards the Protestant bodies and Protestantism at large; and his general character and conduct. Into some speculations, doubtful, but not ferocious, into which the "Recusant" enters concerning the present state and future prospects of the Archbishop's soul we must decline to follow him. *Non nostrum tantas*; but we may say that we are quite content to take our chance with Laud.

On the first point our "Recusant" is cautious, but, on the whole, judicial. He seems to think that Laud beyond all doubt *thought* that a cardinal's hat had been offered to him; he suggests the really apposite cases of Newman and Manning; and he is not wanting in shrewdness when he suggests that in order to hold this dignity it would by no means have been necessary for Laud to be ordained priest. He, of course, is not willing to believe that the offer was officially made, and he maintains a proper reserve as to the point whether it was ever made seriously (we may ourselves point out that Laud was notoriously a person who took things very seriously indeed, and was himself rather easy to take in). But, both on this point and on numerous others, throughout the book, the "Recusant" defends the Archbishop very strenuously from the charge of having been a "Catholic" at heart, or of having had even the slightest desire to reconcile England with Rome. It is always a nuisance when two disputants cannot use each other's language; but we can say that, giving "Catholic" the party sense which the "Recusant" attaches to it, we agree with him completely. Also, giving it the literal and historical sense which we attach to it, we should say that, as Laud had not, and could not have, the slightest doubt that he was a Catholic already—as he daily proclaimed his belief in the Holy Catholic Church, and no other—there could be no inducement to him in being *plus royaliste que le roi*, and more Catholic than Catholicity. It is, indeed, almost enough to say that at his trial, when this was in reality the main article of accusation, no evidence sufficient to drown a lodging-house rat was produced against him, though his enemies had all the advantages of intimidation, of bribery, and of frantic religious hate to work with.

On the reverse and complementary side of the matter something the same difficulty presents itself. For "Protestant," though not quite to the same extent as "Catholic," is an ambiguous and question-begging term. The "Recusant," indeed, knows, and very honestly puts his knowledge on record, that Laud himself, and all the Anglicans of his day who sympa-

thized with him, steadfastly defined their position of "protest" as being "not against Rome, but against the errors of Rome." But he is unable, either from habit or from the subtle temptation of an apparent argumentative advantage, to let his knowledge always guide his contentions. And he makes a great point—a point which it would be very unfair to expect him to abstain from making—of Laud's famous alleged scheme of a Protestant Alliance, of a sort of "Catholic Union" of the Churches opposed to the errors of Rome. Such a scheme could never have worked—for a dozen different reasons; and, what is more, it was utterly opposed to the true principle of National Churchmanship which sciolists and partisans call Erastian, but which is simply based on certain famous words of Christ himself in the first place, on the leading case of St. Paul in the second, and on the primacy, such as it was, of Rome itself in the third. But, as it has appealed to other good men since, it might appeal to Laud then. And it is, perhaps, natural for the "Recusant" to forget that the difficulty of "succession" was on the strictest "Catholic" principles (his as well as our own) by no means insuperable. Indeed, he commits a no doubt unintentional unfairness in constantly urging the description of "superintendents" as being "the thing, if not the name of episcopacy." Laud was a scholar, and when he said that, he simply stated the undeniable and rudimentary proposition of scholarship that *Superintendens* in Latin and *Episcopus* in Greek are only translations of each other.

Now these are the two *crucis* of Laud's career in, at least, the ecclesiastical sense. The "Recusant" very distinctly clears Laud from the charge of playing booty towards Rome, and though he puts a much more "Protestant" complexion than we can allow on his action in regard to the Protestant communities, he does not, so far as we can see, argue or think that Laud was in the least prepared to give up any of his own views as to Anglican doctrine or discipline. As a minor point, but to be fair, we should, perhaps, observe that the "Recusant" is disposed to shift the credit of founding the "High Church" school from Laud to Andrewes. This is not a matter which we care to fight, for the Anglican position is that the Church of England, positively by her Liturgy, and at least permissively by her Articles, was, from the very first moment when she threw off the non-national connexion with Rome, as "High" as any reasonable person can ask—as high, in fact, as the heart of Catholicism. That it was some time before, in the natural acrimony and welter of the political strife, positive doctrine and practice, as distinguished from negative polemic, emerged, was a natural phenomenon, if not an inevitable one. But whether Lancelot or another did most for its emergence is a minor matter. Every Anglican who knows where he stands repeats on this, as on so many occasions, the words of Pusey: "My trust is not in the Bishops: my trust is in the Church of England."

For the rest we need say little. The "Recusant's" view of his subject's (we can hardly say his hero's) general conduct and character is very fair and moderate. He dissociates himself, of course, from the ridiculous depreciation of Macaulay—which, indeed, was probably no more than one of that arrant advocate's "wig and gown" deliverances. He admits that Laud was a great administrator; and we do not know that any one has ever endeavoured to make him out a great statesman. He grants him honesty unflinching, freedom from self-interest, if not from ambition, scrupulousness in the performance of all his duties, courage, manliness, fidelity. He does not bear very hardly on those, as it seems to the sentimentalists nowadays, vindictive and excessive punishments which, if not by Laud's direct action, yet with his countenance, were imposed on the Puritan hotheds. Of course all these admissions are largely leavened by remarks in the tenor of those which we quoted at the outset. But, with all our belief in the doctrine *magna est veritas*, we confess to a pleased astonishment that "A Romish Recusant" has been able to take such a view of such a man.

#### NOVELS AND STORIES.

- The Man in Black.* By Stanley J. Weyman. Illustrated by Wil Paget and H. M. Paget. London, Paris, and Melbourne: Cassell & Co., Lim. 1894.  
*Life's Little Ironies.* A Set of Tales, with some Colloquial Sketches entitled "A Few Crusted Characters." By Thomas Hardy. London: Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co. 1894.  
*Two Heirs Presumptive.* By F. B. Money-Coutts. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, & Co. Lim. 1894.  
*The King of Schwabers: Grotesques and Fustaias.* By I. Zangwill. Illustrations by Phil May, George Hutchinson, F. H. Townsend, and others. London: W. Heinemann. 1894.  
*The King's Asses: a Mutabili Story.* By Bertram Mitford. Illustrated by Stanley L. Wood. London: Chatto & Windus. 1894.

**I**N *The Man in Black* Mr. Stanley Weyman has followed up his recent brilliant adventures in the field of romance with a short story which we cannot but think must have charmed

Victor Hugo himself. The scene is laid in Normandy and Paris in the first half of the seventeenth century, a period that abounds in picturesque elements and is rich in strong and piquant accents of light and shade. It is an age of magic of which Mr. Weyman treats, when men practised the art, read the course of the stars, prophesied the fall of ministers and princes; an age of secret crimes, of swift or slow poisonings, horrible, vile, cowardly, and of an inscrutable mystery. Such is the age that is mirrored with extraordinary force and fascination in Mr. Weyman's story. We are brought into touch with the times, and the imagination is enthralled by a spell of which we are scarcely conscious; so quickening, so vital, is the art of representation. It is, literally, representation—the art of making the past present. Solomon Nôtre Dame, the Man in Black, poisoner and astrologer, the malevolent genius of this dark and passionate drama, is an appalling figure, and holds a place supreme in all the romantic portraiture of his kind. Not less masterly are the sketches of the kidnapped heir, of the brutal showman, and of M. de Vidoche and his unhappy wife, whom destiny dooms to fall into the snares of the cunning astrologer. In the impressive picture of M. Nôtre Dame at home, in the mysterious house with two entries in the Rue Touchet, we have a glimpse into that strange hidden world of Paris which those who knew Paris well knew only by rumour or the wild imaginings of the credulous. The astrologer in his house, as portrayed by Mr. Weyman, is a singularly imposing personage. We see him, as some venomous spider, in the dim intricacies of his proper place, with the ensigns and apparatus of his calling about him, sitting at the receipt of custom, purveying poisons or love philtres to eminent clients. Hither come M. and Mme. de Vidoche, each unconscious of the other's visit; and here the kidnapped boy, now the favoured imp or servant of the astrologer, lurks behind curtains in dark spying places, and overhears horrible plottings. The scene that follows is made up of a series of thrilling situations, all of which lead to an intensely powerful climax, in which the irony of retribution falls upon the would-be wife-poisoner and the crafty astrologer. The sequel, with the scene of the trial, is admirably conceived, and the fit crown to a dramatic design that is not less finely imagined than skilful in execution. We must not omit to commend the sympathetic spirit of the illustrations, by Messrs. W. and H. M. Paget.

Mr. Hardy's new volume of short stories bears an extremely felicitous title. Is man master of his fate, or is he—at least, in Wessex—the sport of a freakish fate, a providence that delights in the humour of irony? The question is plainly answered in Mr. Hardy's illustrations of the ironies of life. The degree of irony varies somewhat, it is true; but in quality and in results there is considerable likeness. There is irony, indeed, in the title itself. It is concentrated in the adjective. The ironies that appear "little" to the remote spectator are shrewd, cutting, and great to the victims. Perhaps the subtlest of all the examples Mr. Hardy has dramatized is the powerful "Tragedy of Two Ambitions." Not only is this story the most trenchant and affecting of the whole gallery of illustrations, but in it the humour that is inherent in all life's ironies is a more effective element than in any of the others. Something of the same delicate presence we discern in the story entitled "For Conscience Sake," though we are unable to decide how far it vies with the admirable story just mentioned, owing to the perversity of the binder of the copy in our hands, which permits the reading of mere snatches of the story, interpolating odd pages of other stories, and omitting important passages altogether. Who is it that determines that these "awkwards," as wine-merchants say, are good enough copies to send out for review? Perhaps this, also, is one of life's little ironies. It has cost us a dejected quarter of an hour to attempt to piece together the scanty fragments of "For Conscience Sake," and we are baulked of our aim. "The Melancholy Hussar" is a striking example of the cruelty of what looks like the haphazard working of destiny, by which a young woman loses two lovers at one fell swoop in circumstances of aggravated irony. This curious and extremely interesting romance is, we are led to conclude, a true Wessex tale, and true also, as facts are true, is the story of the barrister and the delusive love-letters—"On the Western Circuit"—of which we have heard something very like a parallel. In the group of sketches appended to these stories—"A Few Crusted Characters"—Mr. Hardy appears once more as the author of *Wessex Tales* and the creator of Joseph Poorgrass, and it is unnecessary to say that his pen has lost nothing of its magic, and will delight his readers as of old. The scheme of this amusing cycle of stories and reminiscences is one that is honoured of time and all story-tellers. A native of Wessex, after years of exile, visits the haunts of his youth and takes his place, with other passengers, in the carrier's van. He inquires with natural curiosity after his former neighbours and their progress in life.

His companions regale him with pleasant stories, full of gossip and scandal, and variegated humours, and the time passes delightfully for him, and for Mr. Hardy's readers.

*Two Heirs Presumptive* is a short story that comprises material which many a novelist would consider sufficient for the construction of a novel in three volumes. The plot is both ingenious and interesting, and the story developed from it is told with much brightness and humour. There can be no doubt, however, that, in adopting the method of concentration, Mr. Money-Coutts has chosen the better way, notwithstanding the incentives to cross-issues and counter-plottings which the scheme of the story may suggest. The two heirs presumptive to the fortune of Sir Geoffrey Geoffreys are two cousins—his nephews—Humphrey Cassock and Charles Counter. Their respective chances are warmly discussed by the servants of both families in the amusing opening scene of the story. If piquancy of contrast tends to perplexity, it must be admitted that a pretty problem is presented in the characters of these young men. Humphrey is studious, shy, sensitive, a bit of a prig, and somewhat coddled by his mother. He cherishes the loftiest ideals, knows nothing of the world as it is, and is fearful of such manifestations of it as visit his distracted spirit. "Not that he is a nincompoop," as Mrs. Dikken, the housekeeper, and a delightful person altogether, rightly affirms; but he is "afraid of debt, afraid of wine, afraid of cards, afraid of tobacco" at Cambridge, and desperately afraid of women and of life and of himself. His soul is like a star and dwells apart. He suffers through an exquisite sensibility, which coarser natures make an intolerable burden for him. And yet he is not all prig, as the sequel shows. Compared with this complex character Charley Counter is simplicity itself—"A fine young Englishman," with abundant good looks, good manners, and an engaging personality. You would lay long odds on Charley; yet it is Humphrey who gains the key to the situation by winning the heart of the charming Rose Thompson, the supposed daughter of the gamekeeper, and then, like the base Indian, throws the pearl away. Rose is an adorable creature, and captivates everybody except the ascetic Miss Teresa Cassock, who is scandalized by her frank gaiety and her habit of singing worldly love-songs. "Think how shocking it would be," she observes to the curate, of the cheerful Rose, "if she were to die suddenly with *The Soldier's Tear* in her mouth"—by which it would seem that Miss Teresa was not unacquainted with the acts and sayings of Hicks of Bodmin. How Sir Geoffrey appears on the scene, invites his nephews to stay with him in London, and eventually chooses his heir are matters we would not divulge. The action of the story is most skilfully worked out to an effective end. We shall only add, with respect to the solution, that extremely hard measure is dealt out to Humphrey, who, with all his faults and failings, is an interesting example of a fine organization marred by injudicious training.

Those who are disposed to lament, with Charles Lamb, the decay of professional beggars will be heartened greatly by Mr. Zangwill's diverting history of the ingenious and resourceful Manasseh Bueno Barzillai Azevedo da Costa, who is portrayed in *The King of Schnorrers*. We know not to what extent the whole art and etiquette of *schnorrning*, as set forth in this amusing story, is to be accepted as a glorified transcript from the world of fact. If there be other Schnorrers, subjects to this king, and in any degree sharers in his renown, life in the modern Ghetto is invested with a zest which we had never suspected. Mr. Zangwill has created, in any case, a new figure in fiction, and a new type of humour. Dignity and impudence are commonly regarded as incompatible qualities. In Manasseh those incongruities are humorously conjoined; and, if the impudence of the King of Schnorrers is sublime, so also is the dignity. It would be unjust to his genius to cite any one of his exploits as transcending the rest. The entire series of adventures is a triumphant progress. Among the other "Grotesques" in the volume are not a few pieces of unaffected drollery, though the humour is of a less rich and active character than that which pervades the delightful history of Manasseh. "The Semi-Sentimental Dragon," an episode of stage life, is a whimsical concept that is hard to read unmoved. In a very different style, yet not less happy, is the pretty fairy-tale, "The Queen's Triplets." The two Ghetto stories, "Flutter-Duck" and "A Rose of the Ghetto," are excellent studies from the life, executed with breadth and warm with the sense of actuality. Mr. Zangwill's book is altogether very good reading. It is also very cleverly illustrated by the artists named above.

Mr. Bertram Mitford's Matabele story, *The King's Assegai*, is a good pendant to his stirring romance *'Twist Snow and Fire*. Those who have read the latter story will need no stronger commendation of the adventures of Untúwa, who gained the King's assegai, which, indeed, lacks nothing of the spirit and fervour and impressive imaginings that distinguish Mr. Mitford's

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stories of South Africa. Untúsva when he undertakes to tell a wonderful story—the story of his winning the King's assegai—is as good as his word. His adventures teem with marvels, and the narrative from first to last is keenly exciting. The account of the great exodus of the Matabele from the country of the Zulus, their pursuit by an *impi* of that nation, their bitter conflicts with the Basutos and others, is a recital that holds us with breathless interest. The various schemes of daring with which the restless young warrior, burning to distinguish himself, would obtain the King's favour, are set forth with a picturesque energy and a passionate exultation that are irresistible. It is not all a barbarous psalm that the old fighter chants; but every episode, be it of victory or of temporary depression, is painted in vivacious colours, and leaves an enduring impression.

#### L'ARTE DI CAVALCARE.

*L'arte di cavalcare. Con aggiunta: Il cavallo attaccato alla carrozza. Del Conte Eugenio Martinengo Cesaresco. Salò: Tipografia Giovanni Devotii. 1894.*

IF any one should imagine that it is a new thing for an Italian to teach the English how to ride, let him look at the fifth page of the work under review, and there he will find that, in the seventeenth century, an Italian named Claudio Corte was riding-master to Queen Elizabeth. A relative of this riding-master, named Evangelista Corte, is said by "Berenger, autore inglese," to have been the inventor of the martingale. Claudio Corte wrote a book on horsemanship, and other Italian writers on the same subject in the sixteenth century were Pasquale Caracciolo and Federigo Grisone; so a work on riding from Italy is no novelty. The art of horsemanship, says its author, flourished in Italy, and especially at Naples, in the century just mentioned, and very many pupils came thither to learn it from other countries. He looks, however, much further back into the past, and far away from his own country, for the purpose of studying the history of riding. The bas-reliefs in the British Museum, he tells us, have led some people to suppose that at one time people were in the habit of riding without bridles. He does not see how they could have done so. In his opinion the primitive horseman is more likely to have ridden with a rough halter on his horse's head, and a piece of the rope passed through its mouth for a bit, the remainder making a rein to guide it with. In country places in Italy, he adds, a very similar bridle is still in use. The earliest saddles he supposes to have been sacks tied on the horses' backs, and the first stirrups doubled pieces of rope fastened on either side of the sacks. Some authorities have argued that, because Homer describes his heroes fighting in chariots drawn by horses, driving was practised earlier than riding; that, first of all, oxen were yoked to ploughs; that this suggested the idea of yoking horses to carts, and that getting upon the horses' backs was quite an afterthought. Count E. M. Cesaresco thinks otherwise. The Egyptians, he reminds us, accompanied the children of Israel to the Red Sea "a cavallo," and Abraham rode an ass and had a saddle of some sort. Before dismissing the past, let us see what he says of a celebrated professor of riding and writer on horsemanship, who immediately preceded the present generation—namely, the great prophet of the *haute école*, Baucher himself! Well, we read that he was the precursor not only of a school of riding-masters, but also of the present political speakers who, with a string of high-sounding phrases, persuade people that light is darkness and darkness light, that debt is credit and that vice is virtue. He thinks that Baucher honestly believed that he had discovered the secret of squaring the circle of equestrianism. His theories were all very well for a circus, and Count E. M. Cesaresco has nothing to say against the art of circus-riding; he does not, however, wish to see ordinary horsemen riding either like professional circus-men or like professional jockeys. For this, and other reasons, he is no great admirer of the "alta scuola."

More to the taste of the author, among the riding-masters of the middle of the present century, were Saylor, who taught at Milan and Brescia, and the German, Seeger, who wrote on horsemanship. We come next to "l'Americano Rarey," who, in 1858, tamed at Paris "il cattivissimo Stallone Stafford a fece sensazione." His remarks concerning this celebrated performer are very much to the purpose. His powers, he admits, were extraordinary; yet, judging from reading and hearsay—for he never saw the man—they were chiefly personal, nor were their effects very lasting. He has a quiet jest at those who implicitly believed that throwing good-tempered horses on the ground would serve all the ends attained by careful horse-breaking. Perhaps the opinion of this Italian horseman upon our own

manner of riding may concern us more than anything else in his book. He very truly says that a large number of Englishmen consider hunting the principal end and object of riding, and endeavour to acquire the style of horsemanship best suited for that purpose. To get as much out of their horses as possible, with a minimum of fatigue to themselves, is, therefore, their chief aim. Their riding, again, has to be suited to their horses. Now the English hunter is rather powerful than easy in his movements, and, while he is sharp, quick, and active, he has not the flexibility of the park-hack, especially the Continental park-hack. The consequence is, so he tells us, that English hunting men get into a habit of leaning a good deal on the stirrups and the reins. It must be admitted that even an average-mouthed hunter "lays hold of" one a little in the early part of a run, and a hunter with the supple and arched neck of a riding-school hack is an abomination. In a run, too, as the Count says, Englishmen often stand in their stirrups, especially when the pace is severe. It may be an insult to be told that they hold on by the reins; it is none the less true that the proportion of average hard-riding men who are more or less loosened in the saddle if they ride a horse over a leaping-bar in a riding-school, without any reins at all, is larger than might be supposed. This much Count E. M. Cesaresco admits, that the English method of horsemanship is the most quickly acquired, and that it renders the pupil ready for serviceable riding sooner than any other. At the same time, although he does not deny that there is a very large number of exceedingly fine horsemen in England, he thinks that the habit, too common in this country, of hanging on to the reins, in addition to its inelegance, has a tendency to give horses hard, if not one-sided, mouths. It must not be supposed that the author praises the horsemen of his own country more than ours. On the contrary, he says that in the past Italians rode a great deal, and out of pure love of the thing, whereas now they ride with the object of looking like good horsemen, and of making "evoluzione in bella posizione, ed apparire belli." On the other hand, it may be that he says a little too much in favour of the hunting in Italy when he calls the Roman Campagna the finest hunting country that one can possibly find ("nel più bel luogo di caccia che si possa trovare"). Some people might prefer Leicestershire. He makes a few very sensible remarks with regard to criticizing the style of riding which prevails in this country or that, saying that no universal law can be laid down, much, if not everything, depending upon the national seat and method being the best of its kind for the particular purpose required, be it soldiering, hunting, hacking (may we suggest cattle-driving?), or otherwise, as well as for the particular kind of horse which the country produces. We, Englishmen, are ourselves a little apt to forget this in criticizing the horsemanship of foreigners.

In treating of the moral and sensitive qualities of horses, the author dwells much upon their nervousness and excitability, their delicate senses of hearing and smelling, and the frequent imperfection of their vision. He deals at great length with their material nature, their mechanism, and the principles of their movement. He then goes on to tell us how to break a horse. Here, again, he takes a glance at the past and observes that, in addition to the usual aids to horse-breaking, such as the voice, the eye, the hand, the leg, gestures of the body, whips, spurs, reins, bridles, and cavessons, Queen Elizabeth's riding-master, the already mentioned Claudio Corte, includes earth and water. The former he utilized by trotting his horses in very soft fallow to make them pick up their legs and put on muscle, and by riding them up and down deep and narrow trenches in order to break them of the habit of going sideways; the latter by riding them in swiftly running streams with a view to increasing their strength and activity. In a very long disquisition on the use of the whip, Count E. M. Cesaresco replies to those who would manage horses entirely with kindness and the voice, by remarking that, even among men, few are guided solely by a sense of right and justice, and that the majority are kept from doing evil by the presence of the police and the penal code. To teach a horse obedience and, at the same time, to give him courage, are the main principles of his system of breaking.

The horseman wants as much teaching as the horse. It is a consolation to an Englishman to find that this Italian authority is not in favour of riding with too straight a leg. He quotes an equestrian writer, who declares that the French ride with too fork-like, and the Spanish with too chair-like, a seat. The knees should be "adherent" to the saddle. In this we most cordially agree with him. We cannot follow him quite so readily when he proceeds to abuse our English saddles because they have no hole in the seat to receive the rider. He says that every saddle should be made with a cavity to fit exactly "le parti molli" of the seat of the horseman. One passage in respect to this little matter is enough to scare away any intending pupil from

venturing to learn the art of riding. Want of experience in sitting upon a horse, he says, produces "inflammation e dolore alla pelle del sedere," which finds itself compressed between two hard substances—the saddle and the bones—and is mercilessly squeezed and beaten in the trot. This sad condition of things is "augmented" if the pupil neither keeps his "equilibrium" nor sits in the centre of his saddle, which we can well believe. The author does not know why our own familiar method of rising in the trot should be called "Trottare all' inglese"; for an Italian writer of the sixteenth century describes this style of raising oneself "intermittentemente" in the saddle, and Saylor, who taught riding at Brescia, called it the Italian trot when he was in England in 1835. Count E. M. Cesaresco disputes the common theory that good hands are a gift of nature. Although not denying that natural lightness of hand is invaluable in their acquirement, he considers them a highly artificial product, to be obtained by study and instruction. Like everybody except the average English rider, he gives its due appreciation to the curb, an instrument open to terrible abuse, but neither sufficiently understood nor sufficiently valued in this country. He is strongly opposed to the notion that all horses are good jumpers by nature, and he says that it would be equally reasonable to pretend that everybody with a pair of legs can naturally dance a ballet. In the course of his very long treatise on training horses to jump, he gratifies us by showing that he is familiar with the writings of Whyte Melville.

His section on driving consists of less than a twelfth part of his work. He makes some very pertinent remarks in it about the inconvenience of the law of the road, as to "sides," varying in different countries. This anomaly makes it almost necessary to have not only a coachman of the country, but horses also; for horses accustomed to go to the right, on meeting others, are for a long time awkward to drive in a country in which the rule is to go to the left. He objects strongly to a custom which may be observed any day in a walk through the West-End of London. Watch the carriages drawn up in Bond Street, or one of our large squares, and presently you will see a coachman give one of his horses a sharp and sudden cut with the whip because its forefeet are not placed side by side. Now, as Count E. M. Cesaresco points out, a gentle rub and pat with the whip on the shoulder, upon the side on which one leg is behind the other, will serve the same purpose without fretting and upsetting the nerves of the horse. He advocates the use of the voice in driving, and reasonably, in London, however, we leave the shouting of "Gee-up" and "Woh" to the waggoners.

In two particulars—its print and its paper—this work is unsurpassed by any other that we have met with on the same subject. In England people fight shy of any book that is not published in London; yet here is one published at a little town of some 4,000 inhabitants, on the remote shores of the beautiful Lago di Garda, which puts most of our London books to shame in many of the details of the publisher's art. We venture to think that a work on horsemanship is greatly improved by illustrations, and that in this instance they would have been specially serviceable. It is true that it contains two; but they are scarcely worth mentioning. We say with still less diffidence that an alphabetical index at the end of the book would have immensely increased its value, and we hope that one will appear in the second edition which it deserves. Englishmen who aspire to the possession of a good library on subjects connected with horses should place *L'Arte di Cavalcare* on their shelf of foreign books, beside such works as M. Barroil's *L'Art Equestre*, M. Fillis's *Principes de Dressages et d'Equitation*, and Baron de Vaux's *Les Hommes de Cheval*. Among these it deserves a place of honour; but Englishmen, especially in dealing with equine subjects, are, above all things, concise, and he would be a bold man who would venture to prophesy that these four large volumes, with their 1,753 pages, are likely to attain any great popularity among British Italian-reading horsemen. Even the few more critical Englishmen who may purchase the book are not unlikely to consider it too full of truisms and repetitions; they will be unable, however, to deny the author the credit of having stuck to his subject throughout those long 1,753 pages with the pertinacity of a sleuth-hound; nor can they fail to be pleased with the vein of calm common sense which runs from end to end of it, and, much as they may disagree with some of Count E. M. Cesaresco's opinions, we think they will wish that all authors of books on horsemanship in their own country wrote with as little humbug, egotism, and swagger.

#### DAVIDSON'S PLAYS.

*Plays.* By John Davidson. London: Matthews & Lane. 1894.

"AY, but wha but Robbie Burns pit a' thae thochts into Shakespeare's heid?" asked an old native of the kingdom of Galloway. If Shakespeare did not put all the thoughts of Mr.

Davidson's plays into his head (which we are far from asserting), still the Elizabethan dramatists suggested Mr. Davidson's very tropical manner. It is not easy to criticize his plays, because they are so absolutely his own mixture, and the novelty of the mixture upsets the balance of the judgment. We may like it or dislike it; but we have here no consecrated canons and criteria, wherein also is safety. A fine vein of poetry, and an almost exuberant wealth of words and figures, may be applauded in Mr. Davidson's genius. But his manner of putting copious Elizabethanisms into the mouths of all manner of men, from Robert Bruce to Smith, who has abandoned the profession of the elementary schoolmaster, and Scaramouch, who has somehow betaken himself to Naxos, begets a medley and evolves a maze. The essentials of drama, action and passion, get mixed in the medley and lost in the maze. We are left admiring some fine passages of rhetoric and verse; but, as a rule, we might take more interest in the characters and their fortunes. Perhaps we may indicate the nature of the general impression best by saying that, if Théodore de Banville had been a Scot and a great student of the Elizabethan playwrights, he might have produced something like some of Mr. Davidson's dramas. But he would have made them more like practicable plays.

The objections which we might make are least felt in *Bruce*, a heroic piece on a theme which Burns attempted, or thought of attempting, but abandoned. There can be no doubt that Burns would have introduced the element of humorous peasant life, the Cuddie Headriggs of the thirteenth century, and Mr. Davidson has done nothing of the kind. A piece of this character has a right to be written in accordance with the conventions of the heroic drama, which include language rather high-flown. If we do not allow historical doubts, perhaps pedantic, to get the better of us, *Bruce* may be read with a great deal of pleasure, for it is a fine and spirited example of eloquence throughout. Yet, when the Hammer of the Scots says,

Astonishment and curiosity  
Shoulder each other in your crowded eyes,  
Like townsmen gazing from a window's height  
At some strange pageantry afoot below,

we scarcely find the tropes natural in the lips of the greatest of the Plantagenets. Again, Bruce stabs the Red Comyn in the Grey Friars Church at Dumfries. He then exclaims:—

What have I done? A madman's dreadful deed?  
I was engulfed, and now I'm cast ashore.  
O, in our passionless reflective hours  
We lock emotion in a glass-walled jail  
Of crisp philosophy;

with what follows.

We do not pretend to say what Bruce should have said or thought in the reaction from a deed of blood so terrible and so impolitic as a sacrilegious homicide. But we cannot imagine him soliloquizing on "crisp philosophy." The deeply perjured Lamberton, Bishop of St. Andrews, seems never to have boggled at the deed. "Some of us here may hold that Bruce's act should rather be extolled than stigmatized," he says, as others have said about the act of his successor's murderers.

Very probably Lamberton did say something of the sort. Probably the best passage in the play is the defence of Wallace on his trial and the spirited testimony to his valour borne by Hugh Beaumont. It seems where Scotch soldiers appear they talk as good and as Elizabethan blank verse as kings and knights, and one of them even seems to regret that the Romans did not reduce Scotland into the *Pax Romana* and make Britain a united island. The play ends with Bannockburn, viewed and described in very eloquent phrases from the hill of the camp followers, who made such a valuable diversion at a critical moment. There is much interest in the situation of the Countess of Buchan, and in the effect of her charms on her gaoler. Altogether it is a fine, coherent, and chivalrous piece; a play which, unlike many plays, allows itself to be read with pleasure.

An *Unhistorical Pastoral*, as Mr. Davidson says, adapts the plot of Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd*, placing it in an environment something like that of the *Winter's Tale*. "By the cock and goose!—which is a Grecian oath, and very philosophic—your wits are mad, stark mad," says one of the characters; and the reader, from this sample, may understand the humour of it. "The circumlocutory shoe" is a rather unintelligible quaintness. On the other hand, there are charming passages in a love soliloquy of Eulalie's, and in a rhapsody of Rupert's (Act iv. Scene 2). The lyrics are scarcely so successful, and it is not easy to write a fairy's song after those in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Even so the Third Fairy has a very pleasant ditty, and the ambition which ventures to introduce Oberon and Titania does not always fail too cruelly. This ambition of 1877, when the piece was com-

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posed, has the excuse of youth. *Scaramouch in Naxos*, perhaps the best thing in the book, is also the best known; and as for *Smith, a Tragic Farce*, we confess that it baffles our industry and research. Farce and tragedy are ill-mated here, and, if Mr. Davidson means to follow the Muse, he will be wise in following her on a more beaten path. He certainly does not appeal to a large audience, but earnest lovers of poetry will find much of it, mingled with plots not very coherent, and entangled in odd situations.

#### SHARPS AND FLATS.

*Sharps and Flats: a Complete Revelation of the Secrets of Cheating at Games of Chance and Skill.* By John Nevil Maskelyne. London and New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

THE very comprehensive description of Mr. Maskelyne's book given on the title-page is in no way excessive. He has used the art of a past-master to follow Robert-Houdin's brilliant work, *L'art de gagner à tous les jeux*, with another work which brings the science of exposure up to its latest developments. There is a difference, however, between these two books, written by experts, on the ways and fashions of the "Greek." Robert-Houdin's volume is full of brilliant anecdote. Mr. Maskelyne, though he does not disdain to tell a good story, avoids rather than seeks the kind of attractiveness which a book with a definite purpose may get from a garnish of things reported, seen, not seen but reported, or neither seen nor reported. In other words, Mr. Maskelyne goes more seriously to work—at least in the manner of his information—than Robert-Houdin did, in the desire to save the "flats" from the practised trickery of the "sharps." And here comes in naturally the only objection we have to Mr. Maskelyne's excellent work. He moralizes too much. All the facts that he brings before us are tributes to his knowledge and his expert instinct and application. But here and there we could spare the comments. This said, there is no more to be said in a critical spirit of a work which is almost as useful as it is entertaining, except that one finds such slips of expression as may be readily corrected in a new edition. The author's preface, though it is in a moralizing vein, is worthy of real attention, and his "very serious [and very proper] purpose" commands respect.

He goes on to "Common Sharps," and gives a perfectly lucid explanation of the "Three-Card Trick." Then we get to the less obvious use of "Marked Cards," and then to methods which, whether they were known to Houdin or not, were not recorded by him—the most remarkable among them being two special employments of the "reflector" trick, which in Houdin's day seems to have been confined to the snuff-box reflector. Then come "Holdouts," and here Mr. Maskelyne joins issue with Houdin as regards the famous "piquet-box." The English Master's opinion is that the French Master accepted the statement made to him at secondhand. In favour of this opinion is the fact that, despite Houdin's mechanical genius, "the description is singularly lacking in detail"; but then Houdin, like the author of *Les propos d'un Escamoteur*, was very chary of revealing the secrets of the conjuring stage. And no doubt the box, as described imperfectly by Houdin, was not a machine upon which absolute reliance could be placed. The question is for experts, and Mr. Maskelyne is in his right, if only on the ground that Houdin has not told all that he knew, or ought to have known.

The "Manipulation" and "Collusion and Conspiracy" chapters are admirably clear and very interesting; but, as far as cards are concerned, the *Faro* part of the book is, perhaps, the best. There is not a trick or a dodge (unless the "sports" have seen Mr. Maskelyne's book, and gone one better) which is not here exposed in the most readable and intelligible form.

As to Dice the author is equally discerning and instructive, and the information about the manufacture of cheating implements is of the greatest value.

Any young man afflicted with the gambling fever should read this book with the utmost care.

#### THE MAKING OF BIRMINGHAM.

*The Making of Birmingham; being a History of the Rise and Growth of the Midland Metropolis.* By Robert K. Dent. Birmingham: J. L. Alday.

BIRMINGHAM has been fortunate in its local antiquaries, yet it cannot be said that the labours of Mr. Toulmin Smith, Mr. Sam. Timmins, Mr. Thackeray Bunce, Dr. J. A. Langford, and the other successors of William Hutton—who published the first history of the town, in 1782—have made

unnecessary a book such as that which Mr. Dent has now produced. The fact is that both locally and nationally the town has increased greatly in interest and importance; and, whilst the archaeologist may linger over the details of its earlier history, those who are concerned chiefly in the affairs of to-day will find a profitable study in the record of the efforts made by its municipality to grapple with many difficult problems of urban life. There is no town in the kingdom where there is a more active spirit of local patriotism. Mr. Dent's handsome volume tells not only the story of the making of Birmingham, but of its re-making by the extensive alterations and improvements carried out in the years when Mr. Chamberlain devoted to the reconstruction of the hardware capital those talents which have since made him so conspicuous on the larger platform of national politics. The record of the growth of the Saxon village which constituted the settlement of the tribe of Berm into a great city, "broad-built and populous," is told in a clear and unpretentious style. There are ample references, many interesting illustrations, and a good index.

The earliest indication of Birmingham is that furnished by the Domesday Survey, which gives the name of its Saxon holder in the days of Edward the Confessor and of his Norman successor. This Richard may have been the founder of the family who held the manor until the reign of Henry VIII., when Edward Bermingham was dispossessed of his lands by a conspiracy in which John Dudley, afterwards Duke of Northumberland, had a part that still remains obscure. Birmingham, like Manchester, was governed by the manorial machinery of a Court Leet until well into the present century, and, however unfit this machinery is for a great town, it contained in germ nearly all the best elements of municipal self-government. There is no mention in Domesday of a church at Birmingham, but one must have been there in Norman times, and was followed by a Priory. The chapel at Deritend has been called the "first church of the Reformation," but 1381 is rather too early a date for that event. The election of chaplain was by popular vote, but this led to so much unseemly strife that the appointment of the incumbent is now vested in trustees. John Rogers, who had a share in the translation known as Matthews's Bible, and was the first Protestant burned in the days of Queen Mary, was a Deritend man. When the guild of Holy Cross was established, in the fourteenth century, it absorbed, to a large extent, the government of the town. The guild established almshouses, relieved the poor, maintained the bridges, repaired the highways, and performed many other duties. It was dissolved at the Reformation, but some of its possessions were used for the foundation by Edward VI. of the Free Grammar School, and thus the pious work of the guild is continued to our own and succeeding generations. The battle of Birmingham was not a great affair, though Clarendon speaks of the town as "of as great a fame for hearty, wilful, affected disloyalty to the King as any place in England." The people of this town, "so generally wicked" in Royalist eyes, replied by dubbing Rupert the Prince of Robbers. The Cavaliers—"cursed dogs" and "Popish traitors" their foes styled them—set Birmingham in flames, and the evidence of the damage long remained. When James II. was contemplating the restoration of Roman Catholicism, its adherents built themselves a handsome church and convent, which, on the King's abdication, was defaced and burned, though its memory remained in the name of "Masshouse Lane."

It is not, however, by reason of such incidents that Birmingham interests the outside world, but as "the great toy-shop of Europe." This famous phrase was used by Burke when the House of Commons was discussing whether Birmingham should be allowed to have a licensed theatre. It was said that Manchester and Liverpool had both suffered "great inconveniences" from their Theatres Royal, and the Bill was defeated on the second reading. So the inhabitants contented themselves until 1777 with unlicensed theatricals. Their industry both deserved and needed recreation. The town made guns, swords (though not very good ones), axes for India and America, and slave chains and collars for Cuba and Brazil, as well as tea-trays, toys, and knicknacks of all sorts. Sir Edward Thomason, Wedgwood, Baskerville, impressed in different ways their artistic faculty on the trade of the town, and Watt and Priestley gave it a scientific reputation. The riots in which the home of the Presbyterian philosopher was wrecked is one of a series of epidemics of popular madness by which Birmingham has been disturbed. The rioters of 1791 swore by Church and King, those of 1839 by the Reform Bill, those of 1866 by the Protestant religion, and those of 1884 by modern Liberalism; but in all the main motive was, no doubt, that of mere mischief, supplemented in most, though not all, cases by the lust of plunder. The Birmingham of the last century had some curious customs which

are duly chronicled by Mr. Dent. "Clipping the churches" was observed, the pillory was in regular use, bull-baiting was a respectable amusement. The streets were narrow, ill-kept, unguarded, and unwatched. When "the Lamp Act" was under discussion in the town one opponent sagely wrote to the *Gazette* a serious argument that as "opportunity makes a Thief, so Lamps give a Villain an Opportunity of perpetrating Mischief which is prevented by Darkness, and his fear of being observed prowling about the Streets with a Light." The logic is irresistible, and would meet with the applause of the many footpads and highwaymen of the period. The knights of the road were frequently busy in those days, but did not always unite temperance to industry, and thus "the noted Sansbury and his Accomplice," after robbing the Birmingham stage-coach, were apprehended "drunk and asleep among the Standing Corn." The literary associations of Birmingham are interesting, for here Dr. Johnson wrote his first book, and here Washington Irving revived in his "English home" the memory of bright days by the picturesque Hudson, and created the immortal Rip Van Winkle. The musical and theatrical history of the town is also of interest. What could be finer than the anecdote of the elder Macready, who quarrelled with and dismissed his musicians—"its noisy devils they were, fiddlin' and scrapin' their catgut, the blackguards, and interrupting the performances"—and for a month had no orchestra. Kitty Stephens, however, refused to sing without accompaniment, even although Macready assured her that the orchestra would murder her "pretty delicious voice." Politically Birmingham, which was Republican in the Civil War, "Church and King" in the last century, and staunchly Radical in the present, now occupies a most remarkable position as the centre of a great area of Liberal-Unionism. For practical purposes no part of Mr. Dent's book is more worthy of attention than that devoted to the history of the Birmingham Corporation and to the inception and carrying out of those measures which, under the guidance of Mr. Chamberlain, have transformed the town, and made it one of the handsomest and best governed seats of industry in the world.

We are glad to give a hearty welcome to such books as this. They help to deepen and to justify the sense of local patriotism, and to convert a just pride in the past into laudable exertion for the future. Let every man adorn his own Sparta, and the public-spirited citizen will find much that is stimulating in the story of the making of Birmingham.

#### ENGLISH DICTIONARIES.

A *New English Dictionary on Historical Principles*, &c. Edited by Dr. James A. H. Murray. Part VIII., Sect. I. Crouchmas—Czech. (Vol. III.) Everybody—Ezod. By Henry Bradley. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1893-4.

A *Standard Dictionary of the English Language upon Original Plans*, &c. Vol. I. New York: Funk and Wagnalls Company.

THE Oxford English Dictionary has now completed its second volume, a volume remarkable for being filled by one letter of the alphabet. Dr. Murray notes in his preface that "In respect of the space occupied by it in the Dictionary, C is the second largest letter of the alphabet (being exceeded only by S): and it contains nearly as many words as A and B (both large letters) taken together, and as many as the nine smallest letters X, Z, Y, Q, K, J, N, U, V, with three-fourths of the tenth, O." It is moreover enabled to outrun the resources of native English orthography by the exotic terms *Czar* (with sundry derivatives) and *Czech*. The form *Czar*, by the way, seems to be due to a mere caprice of sixteenth-century spelling, and to have no merits of any kind. The French now always write *Tsar*, and a good many English authors and editors are following their example. Another part more lately issued completes the letter E, of which Mr. Henry Bradley has taken charge. It ends with the queer-looking word *Ezod*, which turns out to be not a fantastic oath but a variant form of *Izzard*, the old name of the letter Z.

These two instalments fully maintain the reputation of the Dictionary. We may note as test cases the thorough working out of *Crown* and its derivatives in Dr. Murray's portion, and of *Eye* in Mr. Bradley's. Under *Culture* the technical use of the word by modern investigators of bacteria has been duly accounted for; but we are disappointed at finding nothing about the use and abuse of it in æsthetic matters which made it a cant or satirical term about a dozen or fifteen years ago. As this shade of meaning is already passing away (though not without leaving the word more common, as a compendious term for intellectual and moral training, or the degree of it attained in a given time and place), this omission is the more to be regretted for the sake of twentieth-century students of the Victorian period. The jargon of *Culture* culminated, we should say, in 1880 or 1881.

We would suggest, but that we fear it is too late, that Dr. Murray should tell off a deserving assistant to search the volumes of *Punch* for that period. *Crownation* for *Coronation* occurs in at least one example later than any given in the Dictionary, though the example is a MS. one. The Cambridge University Library (if we remember right) possesses a Bible on the flyleaf of which Queen Mary, the consort of William III., wrote:—"This book was given the King and I at our crownation." *Crowd*, as a noun, is a word of some curiosity. Most people, we conceive, would say offhand that it was a very old English word; but it appears to be a comparatively recent derivative from the verb. The mediæval noun was *press*, as in Chaucer's *Balade de bon conseil*, "Fle fro the prees and dwelle with sothfastnesse"; and the earliest meaning of the verb *to crowd* was simply to push. It is rather sad to learn that the origin of the theatrical term *Cue* has baffled all research to this day (it is certainly not *queue*); and although *Curmudgeon* is certainly not accounted for by the *cœur méchant* of Dr. Johnson's "unknown correspondent," the true derivation is still to seek. It seems that *cut* in the phrase to "draw cuts," i.e. lots, is not to be explained by cutting sticks of different lengths; for the phrase is earlier than the common use of *cut* as a noun cognate to the verb. Moreover it was "the cut" that was drawn: "he hath the cut" (Chaucer) was the person designated by drawing lots. It would be easy to conjecture that *cut* was a corruption of *court* (*le court festu*, which is actually given as equivalent by Palegrave); but the disappearance of the *r* seems fatal to such a suggestion. But even the unrivalled learning and industry of Littré were often driven to acquiesce in the disappointing judgment of "origine inconnue"; and the difficulties are still greater in English.

Mr. Henry Bradley has dealt with a considerable variety of matter, including all the compounds of *ex*, and in a pretty careful quest we have found but little to criticize. It is certainly no fault of the Dictionary that the good English term "every deal" has been lost apparently since the end of the sixteenth century. Neither "wholly" nor "entirely" quite fills the gap, and "every whit" has itself been archaic for some time. Will not some of our younger men of letters get up a laudable conspiracy to restore deserving old words? The Dictionary has already given ample evidence that effectual restoration of words to current use is a thing not beyond the power of literary enterprise. As touching the word *Evidence*, its legal and other meanings are well handled in this part, but an odd little mistake has crept in, happily in superfluous matter. "The evidence" is defined as "the testimony which in any particular cause has been received by the court and entered on its records." In English-speaking countries the only record of oral evidence is in the notes taken by the judge, and in cases where the parties choose to pay for it by short-hand writers. These notes are not part of the records of the Court; the words which we have italicized should therefore be cancelled. Even if they were correct they would be unnecessary. They might be applicable to the old practice of the Court of Chancery, subject to the question whether that Court was a Court of Record at all in the exact sense, a question on which Blackstone and Sir George Jessel expressed conflicting opinions. While we are on legal mint and anise and cummin, we may suggest that space would be saved if Dr. Murray and Mr. Bradley would give their references to law reports in the usual form understood by all lawyers. "Sir C. S. C. Bowen in Law Rep. Q. Bench xiii. 87" should be "Bowen L.J. 13 Q.B. Div. 87." The saving may be small, but in work of this kind every saving counts. And we do not believe the longer form will be more useful or intelligible to the very small number of lay people who can want to verify such references. Another little point is that Wharton's Law Lexicon is cited much too often. If any law lexicon must be cited, Sweet's is a far better one. *Culpit* is one of the odd words in whose history truth has been stranger than fiction. It appears to date from the Restoration period, and to be due merely to the misreading of an abbreviated formula.

Under *Excellency*, as a title of honour, we should have liked to see some explicit reference to American usage, which differs considerably from English. Although the term is in fact freely used, the present writer was assured by Mr. Lowell that only one person in the United States—the Governor of Massachusetts—is strictly entitled to be addressed as His Excellency. The well-known solecism of Longfellow's "Excelsior" is now as finally disposed of as it can be. It appears that Longfellow must have got it from the motto on the public seal of the State of New York, which got it nobody knows whence, or with what supposed meaning. Under *excommunicate* (the verb) a quotation from Macaulay which belongs to the literal and technical sense (de-

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scribing the civil consequences of excommunication in England) is by some misunderstanding or accident placed among examples of the figurative usage. We do not understand why the military phrase "camp of exercise" is stated to be obsolete. It is in quite common use in British India. We venture to think that the Dictionary might in general be a little more cautious in setting down useful words and phrases as obsolete or archaic merely because recent literary examples are not at hand. The living voice of some person experienced in the matter might often reverse a judgment collected from the material stored in the pigeon-holes of Dr. Murray's *Scriptorium*, rich and carefully chosen as that material is. Let it not be supposed that we are indulging in captious criticism. The Dictionary is an admirable national work. We want it to be as nearly perfect as human skill and vigilance can make it, and we hold it the duty of every lover of the English tongue to contribute towards that end any mites of criticism that occur to him.

The New York "Standard Dictionary" belongs to a different type, that which may be called the popular encyclopedic sort of dictionary. So far as we can judge by a moderate amount of inspection, it is well adapted to its ends. All the mechanical equipment of the book is excellent, and in substantial merit we think it decidedly preferable to the much-advertised "Century"; it is also more compact. Plates printed in colours are a new feature. There are two very pretty ones of birds and precious stones, and two gorgeous and elaborate ones of decorations of honour and the flags of all nations. The choice of subjects for this kind of illustration seems a little arbitrary, but has been determined, we presume, by regard for the tastes of the American reading public. We have tested some of the legal "words of art" and found the explanations to be substantially correct. Of course a few slips occur in other technical matters. *Carte* in fencing is described as a position in which the weapon is "directed upward toward the adversary's left." A fencer who formed his guard in *carte* upon this direction against a tolerably skilled adversary could only expect to become speedily acquainted with the nature and effects of a *coup droit*. But the dictionary is happy which contains no mistakes of a graver kind than this. No doubt this Dictionary will to some extent compete in this country with the "Imperial" and other similar English publications. We cannot undertake the minute comparison which alone would justify us in estimating how far it may deserve or is likely to supplant any of them.

#### LORD LYTTON'S SELECTED POEMS.

*Selected Poems.* By the Earl of Lytton (Owen Meredith). London and New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1894.

LADY BETTY BALFOUR'S introduction to the excellently chosen selection from her father's works (which is wrongly described on the title-page as a "New Edition") is remarkable in two directions. It is not only a filial tribute to Lord Lytton's genius, but it also is a fine piece of criticism. That is, Lady Betty Balfour, recognizing the intense passion and power of Lord Lytton's poems, has yet been judgmatical enough to see why some of his work annoyed some critics. In certain poems he was deliberately rough in versification, and for that he gave reasons. Lady Betty Balfour in her introduction has dwelt upon this, and has also explained that Lord Lytton, when he seemed to catch a strain from other poets, did it not in the least from mere imitation, but because his temperament led him to follow the particular form which attracted his fancy; in other words, which will be found much better put in Lady Betty Balfour's preface, Lord Lytton's fine ear was susceptible to the melody of the time, old or new. But, as his editor points out, he never lost his individuality.

The selections are as well chosen as can be. They show the optimism, the pessimism, and the indifferentism of the poet, and poet Lord Lytton certainly was. He had the statesman's power and the poet's power. It was made a reproach to him by his enemies that the two powers could not go together. As a matter of fact, they did go together.

Lord Lytton's latest volumes of poetry display that insight into some devious ways of life which can be attained only by a man of genius. Indeed the variety of mood and method displayed in this volume is in itself a fitting tribute to his memory. We end by quoting a poem in his lightest and most charming vein:—

#### THE WOOD DEVIL.

##### I.

In the wood, where I wander'd astray,  
Came the Devil a-talking to me,  
O mother! mother!  
But why did ye tell me, and why did they say,  
That the Devil's a horrible blackamoor? He  
Black-faced and horrible? No, mother, no!

And how should a poor girl be likely to know  
That the Devil's so gallant and gay, mother?  
So gentle and gallant and gay,  
With his curly head, and his comely face,  
And his cap and feather, and saucy grace.  
Mother! mother!

##### II.

And "Pretty one, whither away?  
And shall I come with you?" said he.  
O mother! mother!  
And so winsome he was, not a word could I say,  
And he kiss'd me, and sweet were his kisses to me,  
And he kiss'd me, and kiss'd till I kiss'd him again,  
And O, not till he left me I knew to my pain  
'Twas the Devil that led me astray, mother!  
The Devil so gallant and gay,  
With his curly head, and his comely face,  
And his cap and feather, and saucy grace,  
Mother! mother!

#### MEMORIES OF THE MUTINY.

*Memories of the Mutiny.* By Colonel Francis Cornwallis Maude, V.C., C.B., late Colonel R.A., and formerly commanding the Artillery of Havelock's column; with which is incorporated the "Personal Narrative of John Walter Sherer, Esq., C.S.I.," formerly Magistrate of Futtehpoore and afterwards of Cawnpore, Author of "Who is Mary?" "Helen the Novelist," &c. 2 vols. London and Sydney: Remington & Co., Lim. 1894.

THESE two volumes are happily no exception to the rule that a judicious partnership in literature may lead to good results. A soldier and a civilian have combined to publish their experiences of an episode in the Sepoy Mutiny which, at the time, made a deeper impression on the English mind than the fall of Delhi in September in 1857 or the final reduction of Lucknow in March 1858. Colonel Maude with his battery was always to the front on Havelock's recapture of Cawnpore, and on the first and second advance to Lucknow; and he was shut up in the Residency for some two months between its partial relief by Outram and the more complete clearance effected by Sir Colin Campbell in November. Readers of the present generation must bear in mind that there were three very distinct epochs in regard to Lucknow. First, there was the period between July 1st and September 25th, the eighty-seven days immortalized by Lord Tennyson. Then came the time when Outram, having relieved Inglis, was himself partially besieged but had far more space and somewhat less anxiety. And then in November Sir Colin came up, brought off the heroic garrison in safety, and, as several high authorities thought, needlessly evacuated the capital, to return and capture it with an overwhelming force of all arms just four months afterwards. Colonel Maude's narrative does not pretend to give a full history of military operations. It is full of dashing adventures, hairbreadth escapes, anecdotes of Outram, Havelock, and other heroes; all told in a straightforward, soldier-like fashion, and with no attempt to magnify the writer's own achievements and to detract unduly from the credit due to others. We could wish that Colonel Maude's course on paper had been as straight as his advance in the field. He was always quick to unlimber and bring his battery to bear on the rebels. Swamps, mud forts, loopholed houses crammed with rebels, narrow lanes, never made him swerve. On paper he pursues a zigzag march, and it needs close attention to be certain to what particular action or siege his remarks refer. We might have been spared some anecdotes of the mess-table more suited to *Charles O'Malley* and Major Monsoon; and in a legal anecdote about a case in the Supreme Court of Calcutta, asterisks, as usually happens, reveal instead of disguising the name. It is altogether out of place. In one or two minor matters the gallant Colonel sins by pure forgetfulness and neglect to consult a map. The late Sir Orfeur Cavanagh did lose a leg in one of Lord Gough's battles, but he lost it at Maharajpore by a round shot from the Maratha batteries, and not at Sobraon. Sheergotty, now changed to Shergati, is not on the Sone river, but on a smaller stream called the Murabar; and the Sone was never bridged until it was spanned by the magnificent structure on the East Indian Railway, only a few yards short of a mile in length. Dilkusha is not exactly the "Garden of Delights." It is "The Opener of the Heart." And a very loyal Muhammadan gentleman of wealth and influence at Dacca is, or was, Abdul Ghani Miyan, and not Gunnee Meer. A *jheel* is not a ditch, but a marsh. These are small errors. We should like to excise a ghastly picture of a young Sepoy tied up and sentenced to be blown from a gun, with its horrible details. Such executions were necessary at Peshawar, Belgaum, and divers other stations, where they tended to preserve peace and order. Many things were done in the Mutiny which should be now told in a

couple of lines. "It may be very necessary," the Duke of Wellington is reported to have said, "to hang a Killadar" (a governor of a fort), "but not necessary to write about it." We have only room for one anecdote in Colonel Maude's narrative. Our forces were engaged in capturing Bithur, the residence of the Nana, and a loyal Hindu, Anjur Tewari, employed as a spy, had been taxed by the commanding officer with giving detailed and very minute accounts of the movements of the rebels without having himself ventured into their lines. As the column advanced towards Bithur the Quartermaster-General, Colonel Fraser-Tytler, felt the touch of a hand, and was told to remark a bit of white cloth on a tree in front of the line. The Englishman pocketed what turned out to be a piece of cotton. When the enemy had been driven out of Bithur, Anjur Tewari quietly unrolled his *langoti*, or cloth covering the loins, and said to the unbelieving officer, "Just see if that rag fits." And it did. Instances of treachery and ingratitude, it is pleasant to recollect, were often counterbalanced by loyalty and devotion, proof against caste, bribery, threats, and evil example.

Graphic and animated as are the chapters contributed by Colonel Maude, the addition by Mr. Sherer is in some respects more valuable. In the first place, the civilian wields the pen of a ready and a practised writer. In the next, he tells us a good deal about the behaviour of the native population generally, and of divers officials in particular, during and after the outbreak. In May 1857 Mr. Sherer was in charge of the district of Futtehpur, which lies on the main road more than half-way between Allahabad and Cawnpore. On the 6th of June news came to him of the outbreak at the former place; on the 8th a guard returning from Allahabad, where it had gone with treasure, mutinied. The principal Muhammadans of the town of Futtehpur armed their retainers, were prepared to keep the peace if possible, but hinted pretty plainly that they could not support British authority if it could not support itself. So, after due consultation with the other English residents, Mr. Sherer and his friends dined, harnessed a dog-cart, and moved quietly out of the station a little before midnight. The Judge, Mr. R. T. Tucker, refused to join the party and remained, to die a very heroic, but a very needless, death on the roof of his own house. It is quite clear that with gaol birds loose, looted treasures, and large towns above and below Futtehpur in open revolt, to remain any longer was simply Quixotic. The fugitive party went leisurely to Banda, a district included in the general name of Bundelcund, but in reality forming part of the division of Allahabad. The late F. D. Mayne was its magistrate. Here much the same drama was acted. The native infantry showed signs of disaffection. Merchants and Zamindars and their retainers were in arms. The Nawab of the place professed sympathy, but was very soon unable to control his own followers. "Stay here if you like," he said; "my palace is at your disposal, but I cannot trust my own people any more." This worthy gentleman, we may add, was not at all inclined to revolt. He became a prisoner in his own palace. But he protected several fugitives, behaved well to Englishwomen, and though he did not cast in his lot with the British like the Begum of Bhopal or the Maharaja of Bulrampur, he was eventually thought worthy of a pension of 36,000 rupees a year, and when Banda was retaken by General Whitlock's force in April 1858, he was allowed to retire to Ajmir in Rajputana. From Banda, under the same difficulties, a move was made to Nagode. This is not one of the Regulation Districts, but a petty State in Baghelkand. Here, again, was a native regiment which remained, with trifling exceptions, loyal to the last, and a Raja, a thin person with a portentous nose. Mr. Sherer, naturally anxious for the safety of his party, moved on to Rewah, then to Mirzapur, and finally reached Allahabad in safety. No sooner at this station, of which the Fort had been gallantly retained by Colonel Brasyer and his loyal Sikhs while the town and bazaar were burnt and looted, than Mr. Sherer was ordered to accompany the avenging force under Havelock, as civil officer. In this capacity he had an opportunity of judging what a small, well-disciplined force, under a first-class strategist, could effect in a series of combats against hosts of mutineers. No sooner was Cawnpore occupied than Mr. Sherer had to undertake the reconstruction of civil administration. On this he quotes very happily a triplet proclaimed by beat of drum when Banda revolted:—

Khalk-i-Khuda,  
Mulk-i-Padshah,  
Hukm-i-Sipah.

We add our own translation, which differs slightly from that of the writer. That is to say:—"The People belongs to God; Sovereignty to the Emperor; but Power to the Sepoy." After the victories of Havelock the triplet was re-edited and brought

"up to date." The first line was retained; the two next were exchanged for

Mulk-i-Kumpani Bahadur,  
Hukm-i-Sahiban Alishan.

Or "The Sovereignty is now that of the Company; Orders will issue from the illustrious Sahibs." We have read or heard nothing within the last thirty years to countenance the notion that any other method of ruling India is politic, desirable, or safe.

From the combined narratives the following conclusions may safely be drawn:—In Banda and Futtehpur there was no general rising of an oppressed and overtaxed peasantry. Had the rule of the Company been such as political scribblers once loved to describe it, Mr. Sherer and many other fugitives would have been massacred in their retreat on half a dozen occasions. The agriculturists revolted, not against the British Government, but against any authority at all. The new purchasers of old acres which had been put up to satisfy a decree of the Civil Court were speedily driven off by the former proprietors. One set of villagers turned out to avenge themselves on their neighbours for some long-standing dispute about a boundary and a watercourse. Petty Rajas and Chiefs, as we saw in Mr. Thornhill's account of his escape from Mathura, enjoyed for a brief space the exquisite luxury of doing exactly what each man liked. He was a law to himself; promoting, casting down, collecting rents if he could, and paying no revenue to Government. A householder was distinctly heard to admonish his wife to be careful, "as there are no British now, and no reason why I should not break your head and throw you into a well." In fact, in the villages there prevailed what Mr. Sherer pithily calls "a Witches' Sabbath of untaught, needy, unprincipled, village roughs." After the recapture of important stations there were at once offers of help from men who had either really been all along on our side, or who at least had never openly sided with the rebels. Practically, under the control of two or three resolute and experienced officials, the wheels of administration soon began to revolve. Native deputy collectors turned up; Muhammadans of good birth came forward to help; household servants presented themselves as if their masters had only just gone on a month's leave of absence. "A defeat," says the author, "and every one deserts; a victory, and all throng to congratulate and support."

Mr. Sherer could not avoid mentioning one or two very sad instances where the Englishman's thirst for revenge confounded the innocent and the guilty. Not that hanging or shooting went on unchecked and on a vast scale. Lord Canning, as might be expected, soon took measures to control, reprove, and make government possible. Mr. Sherer very properly discredits all the stories of mutilation at the well of Cawnpore and of scribbling on the walls of the slaughter-house. He was one of the first, if not the very first, to enter it. The pavement was caked with blood, but it was not "ankle deep." He pathetically says that he saw there a few relics in the shape of "locks of hair, some little shoes, and straw hats," but no writing. It is here impossible not to comment severely on the treatment of some prisoners by General Neill. He compelled Brahmans and men of other castes, before their execution, to clean floors stained with the blood of their victims. Government by a handful of foreigners would be rendered impossible if, by way of reprisal, our officers were to destroy caste as well as life—to force hog's flesh down the throats of Muhammadans and beef down those of Hindus; not that General Neill resorted to these latter expedients, but degradation to a high-class Hindu is involved in making him do the *mekher's* repulsive work. Lord Canning soon interfered, and reserved capital sentences for persistent rebels and men who had outraged women and slaughtered Englishmen in cold blood. Government erred in the direction of leniency when Lord Lansdowne remitted the punishment of death passed on the executioners of Mr. Quinton and his party at Munnipur. Any native who, *proprio motu* or by the order of some Nawab or Raja, cuts down an Englishman, should feel that he has the halter round his own neck; but you cannot rule by outraging all religious feeling.

Mr. Sherer may be glad to be reminded of a few errors, probably those of the printer. When an injured native appeals to the Queen or to the old Company he cries out "dohai," and not "bohah." By Cobbett's *History of the Reformation* we apprehend Burnet's to be meant; and by Jiranpore the station of Juanpur. The moral of these two interesting volumes should be obvious. When we hear, as we may do at any time, of scarcity, famine, faction fights, revolts against heavy assessment, raids on mosques and temples, we can trust half a dozen resolute Englishmen, as in 1857, to stick to their posts, and to rule and control an excitable population and a troublesome district. The civilian will ride

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out to the scene of the riot with his native police, just as the English captain will take his Sikhs and his Gurkhas up to a mud fort. No one has hitherto proposed to put the "educated native" in command of a regiment. Yet, from sundry recent speeches, manifestoes, and enactments, while maintaining this distinction between the civil and military departments, it would seem that we are to keep up a large army in India in order to enable Baboos to rule Englishmen, Rajputs, and Sikhs.

## MR. GOLDWIN SMITH ON OXFORD.

*Oxford and her Colleges: a View from the Radcliffe Library.* By Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. London: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH in this dainty little volume tries to put on record the feelings of pleasure he enjoyed "in showing an American friend over Oxford." An Oxford man himself, though long parted from his *Alma Mater*, his love for his old University never cools, and throughout his book makes itself apparent on every page. So does another characteristic. Mr. Goldwin Smith, with all his love of his University, and all his patriotism, never forgets what we must call his Radicalism. He is, before all things, a Liberal, though a warm Unionist, as, indeed, all true Liberals must be. His admiration for Oxford is increased, not lessened, by the changes which have taken place since he studied there. "He would gladly believe," he says, "that Oxford and Cambridge, having now by emancipation and reform been reunited to the nation, may also be reunited to the race." The race is, of course, the American, and it may be, perhaps, that some Oxonians will not regard an influx of Yankees with Mr. Smith's feelings of satisfaction. He is pleased with the improvements in college life, though he remarks that there are still "realities corresponding to 'Verdant Green,'" and thinks that even now "many youths come to the University who had better stay away." Nevertheless, he finds nothing in an American University like what he calls "the college bond," or the strength of college sentiment.

The book is devoted to a description of what a very intelligent person indeed may be able to point out to the American friend, just mentioned, in a view from the top of the Radcliffe Library. Mr. Smith has, so far as our knowledge extends, held very sound opinions on architectural questions. He has spoken plainly about the craze for so-called "restoration" which swept with such fury over England, and still rages wherever anything to "restore" is left. But he expresses himself on such subjects with great moderation, and, for the rest, he is an admirable guide—universal and eclectic in his tastes—to such a museum of architecture as Oxford. Some of his remarks have a freshness attributable to his long residence in a land where there are no old buildings. He makes a slip, however, in one place, or seems to do so. He says the Divinity School is "the only building of the University, saving St. Mary's Church, which dates from the middle ages." But what about Christ Church Cathedral and many other churches? St. Mary's is not, strictly speaking, a University building, but simply a parish church, while the cathedral is a college chapel. True, Christ Church has been rebuilt by way of restoration, but this is still more true of St. Mary's. His account of the Sheldonian is interesting, the more so that it gives him the opportunity of expressing his ideas about the Tories. The inauguration of the great Duke of Wellington as chancellor "was the climax of Oxford devotion to the Tory party," so he tells us, and goes on to remark that, if the roof had fallen, nearly all the party would have perished. The Duke, he remembers, "put on his academical cap with the wrong side in front, and, in reading his Latin speech, lapsed into a thundering false quantity." Mr. Smith does not notice a similar lapse not long ago on the part of the very eminent head of a college; but then Dr. Jowett was not a Tory. Many of Mr. Smith's remarks about the history of the colleges are novel, at least in form, and well worth reading, even where we disagree, which is not often, with the writer's views. He is of opinion that the difference between the Protestant party and the Roman Catholic—or, as he calls it, "the Catholic"—was rather political than religious. The first distinctly Protestant college was Jesus, "whose old quadrangle, chapel, and hall belong to early Stuart times. This its name, in contrast with colleges named after saints, denotes." Here, again, we must differ from Mr. Smith. The assumption is too great. It would apply, for example, to Jesus College, Cambridge. Yet it would be manifestly absurd to say it was the first Protestant college at Cambridge, for it was founded in 1496, and the name was afterwards changed. Mr. Smith's sympathies are all, as might be expected, with the Puritan party, not because they were Puritans, but because the Cavaliers were their opponents, and his description of the Royalists who returned at the Restoration is far too sweeping. His account of the Trac-

tarian movement is interesting, and on the whole correct, though here, again, some of his remarks are too strong, as, for example, when we are told that Cardinal Newman pursued through life, "not truth, but an ecclesiastical ideal." This might have been said of Manning, but surely not of Newman. On the whole, even the blemishes of Mr. Smith's book are interesting, and, small as it is, there is an excellent index at the end.

## NEW MUSIC.

IN the department of concerted vocal music a surprising amount of attention seems to be paid just now to compositions for female voices only. Besides a number of cantatas, Novello & Co. are issuing two series of cheap octavo publications in this class—namely, "Two-part Songs for Female Voices," and "Trios, Quartets," &c., for the same. Both contain some newly added numbers of considerable interest. Among the two-part songs we notice a set of ten by Karel Bendl (Nos. 77 to 86), which possess a high degree of merit. They have German and English words, the latter very happily done by Miss G. E. Troutbeck; since the appearance of Rubinstein's duets, nothing in the same line more charming and musicianly than this set has been published in England. They are followed by five similar compositions by Myles B. Foster, also very good in their way. Simpler in construction, they possess less character than the preceding, but are better suited for performance by several voices together, and therefore more adapted to singing classes and societies. The most interesting additions to the series of "Trios and Quartets" are an admirable set by Felix Woyrsch (Nos. 290 to 295), with German and English words.

Novello's collection of male-voice part-songs, under the fanciful title of "The Orpheus," grows steadily, and still maintains its former high standard. Among the latest numbers, attention may be drawn to "The Well of St. Keyne," a capital specimen of the "humorous ballad," by Dr. Bridge; to "Sunset," by Percy Pitt; and "A Pastoral Ballad," by Josiah Booth. Mr. Booth seems inclined to take, and keep, his alto part up too high, which is a mistake, for two reasons—the higher notes of the male alto are almost always disagreeable in themselves, and when the top part lies too far distant from the rest, the proper blend of tones, which is the principal charm of this kind of music, does not take place, for some acoustic reason quite apart from the laws of harmony. As the old English masters of vocal music were well aware, close harmony is all-important for male voices. A set of part-songs by Spohr in this series will be welcome, particularly "Hark, Brothers, Hark," "Drinking Song," and "Serenade."

We are glad to see the fifteenth-century madrigals—lately published in a limited edition for the Plain-song and Mediæval Music Society—making their appearance in Novello's "Part-song Book" (Nos. 670 to 675, Second Series); they are sure to be much appreciated. An unpresuming little carol by Ethel M. Boyce, entitled "Magdalen at Michael's Gate," shows a remarkably sympathetic and delicate touch. The words are Henry Kingsley's, and by no means easy to set well, partly because of some awkwardness in the rhythm, and partly because of their peculiar simple-solemn character; but they have been handled with so fine an instinct for musical expression that they not only run with admirable simplicity, but seem to have positively gained in depth of poetical feeling. If this composer has not yet turned her attention to song-writing, we hope she will do so; for, unless we are much mistaken, she is capable of some very refined work indeed.

Of the abundance of Church music issued by Novello only a fraction can be noticed. Compositions for Easter naturally claim first attention, and among these the following deserve mention. "The Story of the Cross" is a special Passion-week service consisting of five short hymns, by the Rev. E. Monro, with interludes for the organ alone, "giving opportunity for meditation." Two settings are published, one by Sir John Stainer, the other by Myles B. Foster, and both are excellent. They are well within the means of every tolerably equipped village choir, and may be strongly recommended to the attention of clergymen and choir-masters. "At the Sepulchre," by Dr. Wareing, is an anthem, the words of which are taken from the New Testament. The first half is narrative from the Gospels, sustained chiefly by a single bass voice, which gives way to a full choral setting of the words, "Christ being raised from the dead," &c., followed by a quartet, "Come unto Him," and final chorus, "Thanks be to God," from the First Epistle to the Corinthians. The anthem is rather long for ordinary parish choirs, but quite simple in construction. "Now is Christ risen," by John E. West, is a simple, but very spirited, Easter anthem, beginning with a well-written recitative for a bass or baritone voice. "Jesus

Christ is risen to-day," by Oliver King, is a "full anthem for Easter," the words of which are compounded of the well-known hymn and several passages of Scripture. It is rather more elaborate than the preceding, but contains no solo, and presents no difficulty to any fairly good choir. "Watch and Pray," by G. Rayleigh Vicars, is a "short anthem for Lent or ordinary use," and one of an extremely useful series of short and easy anthems, especially intended for introits, which Novello & Co. are now publishing. The name of Sir John Stainer as editor is ample guarantee for the appropriate character of the series, which we particularly recommend to the notice of unambitious choirs who are too timid to undertake an anthem. They will find such a composition as "Watch and Pray" by no means exacting, and a welcome relief to the monotony of hymn-tunes. "Hear my words, ye people!" is an elaborate anthem for soprano and bass solo, with quartet and full chorus, written by Dr. Parry for the Salisbury Diocesan Festival of 1894. Of course we are all very proud of Dr. Parry's immense scholarship; but one would sometimes gladly exchange a pound of learning for an ounce of inspiration; it is so desperately rare in these days. Among the Services published in the collection known as the "Parish Choir-Book" we notice some very useful settings of the Canticles in "chant form"—that is, a sort of compromise between the ordinary chant and the full-blown "service" used by first-rate choirs. A *Te Deum* and *Jubilate*, by A. W. Hamilton-Gell, a *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis*, by Sir Joseph Barnby, and the same by Sir John Stainer, are all excellent specimens of this "chant form." A *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis* in D, by Dr. Lloyd, is a full and elaborate service written for the Salisbury Festival of this year by a most competent master of Church music.

Mr. Franklin Taylor's "Progressive Studies for the Pianoforte" form a collection of great value to teachers and to students who aim at acquiring the higher *technique* in pianoforte-playing. The plan of the work is to present a systematic and consistent series of exercises, selected from various standard sources, and grouped in an orderly manner with a view to the mastery of special difficulties. It is to be completed in fifty-two shilling books; and the number suggests the idea that each week in the year is to have its own book. The latest numbers deal with the following subjects:—"Ornaments," "Chords," "Left-hand," "Broken thirds, sixths, and octaves." Of course *technique* will not make an artist; but it is an indispensable part of an artist's equipment, and we know of no publication better designed to assist in acquiring it than this. The editor's name is a sufficient warrant for care and sound judgment in the compilation.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

*Claudius Popelin, peintre, émailleur et poète.* Par Pierre de Bouchard. Paris: Lemerre.

*Six mois de guerre.* Par Mme. Cornelis de Witt. Paris: Hachette.

*Journal d'un vandécilliste.* Par Ernest Blum. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

*Le Japon moderne.* Par Ch. Loonen. Paris: Plon.

*Le 13<sup>e</sup>.* Par Gyp. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

IT is almost a pity that M. Pierre de Bouchard did not combine with his study of the work of Claudius Popelin some account of his life and personality, about which not much has been written, and which, from the references in the *Journal des Goncourt* and elsewhere, must have been worth recording. Certainly Popelin was a very interesting person, of a type not common anywhere, and almost unknown of late years in England. Possessed of an adequate fortune—or, at least, independence—he devoted himself to literature and to art, but especially to the latter; choosing, if not what is commonly called one of the highest, one of the most troublesome and difficult, branches—the art of the enameller and worker in mosaic, in *cloisonné*, and so forth. In this he achieved good practical success, and wrote most learnedly about it. But he was also a man of letters who exhibited in his work much the same prepossessions as those which governed his art. With the late Josephin Soulay, and with the Cuban poet who has just been advanced to the Academy, M. José Maria de Heredia (both of whom were his friends), he was, perhaps, the chief master of the Parnassian sonnet—itsself a sort of mosaic of glittering and faceted words. In prose he executed an admirable translation and a most careful bibliographical study of the *Hyperboreomachia*, on which singular work he will probably always be the standard authority. Of all these pursuits of his, and their results, M. de Bouchard has written carefully and sympathetically, and his book is, with the limitation we have made above, a welcome monument of the poet-artist who died two years ago, having just attained his threescore years and ten.

It would be difficult to meet two books, dealing with the same

subject and published at the same time after a considerable interval, more different from each other than Mme. Cornelis de Witt's and M. Ernest Blum's notes on the Siege of Paris. The lady writes with the seriousness proper to a daughter of Guizot, with the religious fervour and phraseology which French Protestants have kept up in a manner curiously archaic but not unpleasant to Anglican readers, and with the simple domestic feeling suitable to an affectionate wife and mother separated from most of her children, especially the younger ones, and shut up in a beleaguered town with her husband and her eldest son. M. Blum's title very honestly describes the spirit in which he writes. The precise may call him a little trivial or a little frivolous sometimes; but he is never offensive, and it does not appear that his cap-and-bells were either put on out of bravado or, which would be worse still, assumed as an after-thought. Therefore the two books complete each other not unaptly, as records of the actual temper of average educated Paris, in its graver and gayer sections and moods respectively, during this time of trial.

We have often avowed a liking for French books of travel. The exercise is so much more of a novelty to the Frenchman than to the Englishman that he has a certain freshness in dealing with it, which is attractive enough when he does not let Chauvinism, or the determination to be funny, or other evil things, get the better of him, and which often carries off even a certain dose of these evils. M. Loonen is quite free from them, and may even be too serious and statistical for some persons. His book, however, is a real attempt to portray "Japan as it is," and his illustrations are extremely good. M. Loonen, like other recent and disillusioned travellers (though not to the same extent as some of them) throws cold water on the warm accounts of Japanese beauty which used to be current. But we are bound to say that the very prettiest face we ourselves ever saw was a photograph, and not a touched-up photograph, of a Japanese girl.

We have sometimes asked ourselves in meditative seasons "How did we get on without Gyp?" For there was a time, strange as it seems, when there was no Gyp, a Time of Darkness, an era when the sun looked on the earth to find Gyp, and found her not, and only pretended to shine afterwards. The tolerableness of those times can only be accounted for by the explanation that they were intrinsically better than these, and, therefore, required no Gyp to alleviate them. It is, at any rate, most agreeable to see that this charmer of a dreary day has returned to her best methods in *Le treizième*. We like Gyp always; but (if we may say so without encouraging her own unlucky delusion that "ça n'est pas anglais pour deux sous, la politesse") we like her less when she writes a regular novel in narrative form than when she employs her well-known plan of semi-dramatic story *par personnages*. The central personage here, the unlucky "13<sup>e</sup>," is a certain Vicomte d'Okaz, who is admitted at his own special request as a thirteenth, and the sole bachelor, member of a society of six married pairs, who have taken a house for the summer and autumn in Brittany. The purpose of his desire must be too sadly obvious; but let us hasten to assure Mrs. Grundy that it is completely frustrated. All the other ladies, indeed, pay him deplorable attentions; but he resists, and only falls victim to a certain vulgar outsider, the curtain falling on a scene as to which we shall not attempt to reassure Mrs. Grundy, as it would be useless. The sports, boredom, flirtations, bickerings, and so forth of this seaside colony are related with true Gypsomeness; and when one closes the volume it becomes possible once more to face the speeches of Mr. Asquith and the meetings of the National Union of Elementary Teachers with a valiant and cheerful mind.

M. Camille Flammarion's extremely cheap and remarkably workmanlike *Dictionnaire encyclopédique* has reached its twenty-first part at the word "brigade."

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

*ECHOES of Old Florence*, by Leader Scott (Fisher Unwin), is a little book that Leigh Hunt would have delighted in, and, indeed, might have set himself to write had he lived long enough in Florence to do justice to the topography of the subject. In this collection of stories of Florence, drawn from Dino Compagni, Villani, Sacchetti, Manni, and other annalists and storytellers, Leader Scott offers a change of subject to the English visitor in Florence bent on the usual round of picture-galleries and churches. Like another Stow, the author has studied the stones of Florence, her palaces, and those who have lived in them in mediæval and Renaissance times, and localized the scenes of romance and history for the guidance of the stranger in Florence. The plan is altogether excellent. The association of the stories transcribed by Leader Scott with existing buildings, or streets, is

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clearly established in a brief prelude to each story or group of stories. The present and the past are brought together by this device, and the least imaginative of tourists cannot but be stirred as he finds himself in the actual theatre of the events recorded in these stories of the feuds of Buondelmonti and Amidei, of Cerchi and Donati, and the rest. Tourists, it would seem, are often the victims of illusion or of misdirected enthusiasm. In the preface to the charming story of the Via dei Bardi—"Dianora and Ippolito"—Leader Scott observes that English visitors make devout pilgrimages to this street "to determine the important question which of the real houses the imaginary Romola inhabited," though the real Romola—Alessandra della Scala—lived in another street. Now, with *Echoes of Old Florence* in hand, visitors may delight them with romantic memories of the Palazzo Buondelmonte, the Poggio Imperiale, the Palazzo Strozzi, the Via della Morte, the Via Romana and the Annalena Convent, the Via dei Cerchi, and many another haunted street of old Florence. Truly we may commend the compilation of this book for its practical utility not less than as a labour of love and reverence. It deserves to be classed with that admirable record of the desolated Orti Oricellari by the same writer, which we noticed not many months since.

Time was when the typical warm moist climate, like that of Madeira, was considered by the medical profession the only climate of curative virtue in the treatment of lung diseases. The changed views on this subject, though gradually adopted within the last thirty years, are now not less general than decided. In the Lumléan Lectures of Dr. Charles Theodore Williams—*Aero-Therapeutics* (Macmillan & Co.)—the significance of the change from the old to the modern climatic treatment is revealed with remarkable clearness and completeness. It is not only that the warm moist climate is out of favour, but the field of climatic treatment is enormously enlarged. Sixty years ago, as Dr. Williams remarks, Madeira was the ideal sanatorium for consumptive patients. It was also the most remote outpost. Nearer home Rome or Naples, and some few other Mediterranean health resorts, were held in high esteem, not to name Ventnor and Torquay, among places favoured by a long succession of eminent medical men, from Sir James Clark to Dr. Peacock. But in these days, as Dr. Williams shows, the field for treatment by climate embraces practically the whole globe. California, Colorado, Australia, and other lands are now classed with Egypt and the Algerian desert, or with Davos and St. Moritz, by those who advocate the treatment of lung diseases by the dry air, warm or cold, of deserts or high altitudes. Dr. Williams's statistics of his experiences with respect to high altitudes are extremely favourable. Of Colorado he gives, in his final chapter, an interesting account, the fruits of a recent visit. The medical faculty of Denver, Dr. Williams reports, includes "some fine specimens of cured tuberculosis." At a dinner given to him, "of ten present the average weight was 200 lbs., eight of the guests being cases of arrested phthisis." The mountain health resorts of Colorado appear to differ in one important matter from those of the Alps. American doctors are strongly convinced of the danger of relapse to patients after leaving the dry air of the mountains of Colorado for the Eastern States. They recommend prolonged, or even permanent, residence. Dr. Williams, judging by his own cases, treated at Davos and St. Moritz, finds instances of relapse very rare. The Mediterranean health resorts are separately dealt with, both coast and islands, and the desert climate of Egypt and Algeria. Perhaps Dr. Williams would have written less confidently of the rainfall of Algeria as a drawback if he had enjoyed personal experience of the country; certainly he would not have styled Blidah a mountain station. The summary of results of sea-voyages is a valuable section of his interesting book.

The kind of information accumulated by Mr. Edward Porritt in *The Englishman at Home: his Responsibilities and Privileges* (Putnam's Sons) is already at the command of every Englishman. Handbooks of the Citizen and his Duties, of the State, its Government and Administration, have multiplied of late years, in book form more handy than this English edition of a somewhat stout volume, "written in America and, in the first place, for Americans." From Albany Fonblanque's *How we are Governed* to the last new text-book on the subject, the output of this kind of guide to the citizenship of the citizen has been not less than prodigious. Mr. Porritt has, indeed, done his best to be up to date, though we cannot but think he is a little behind the date when he writes "Nothing can exceed the caution with which the English Parliament proceeds with measures of reform." As to reform, or what may pass as reform in these times, experiments in local government must leave the work of so energetic a writer high and dry, and necessitate revised editions. Indeed, Mr. Porritt's

account of the government of the parish is already threatened. If not quite ancient history, it soon will belong to it.

Only an extremely sanguine person could speak of the science of meteorology. Some day, perhaps, that science will be established, but the day is not yet. Mr. H. N. Dickson writes in hopeful strain of "meteorological science" in *Meteorology* (Methuen & Co.), wherein he treats of the elements of Weather and Climate for the instruction of University Extension students. Mr. Dickson has treated of the important subjects of cyclones and anti-cyclones with skill and clearness. We wish he had dealt more fully with the practical work of the meteorologist, especially with the aims of the learned Society of which he is a Fellow. Perhaps we should not expect a candid friend among meteorologists. Still we are grateful for the moderation with which Mr. Dickson discusses the art of forecasts. Strange things are done in the name of meteorology. Every season from October to March we read the repeated announcement "No sunshine in Westminster," though on the day of which this is written the sun shone in an unclouded sky, the absence of wind preventing the sun piercing the canopy of smoke. People in the country think that London lies under constant cloud. The attempt to register sunshine in Westminster or Bunhill Fields, without any reference to smoke and fog, is of no scientific interest or value whatever. When we shall have uniformity of observations, conditions and instruments, we shall have trustworthy data. But this ideal state is very far from realization at present. Mr. Dickson does not greatly value "the indications of the black bulb thermometer," and on excellent grounds. But he speaks of the Campbell-Stokes sunshine recorder as "probably the most reliable," from which it is clear that he cannot have compared the record of this instrument side by side with Jordan's and noted the extraordinary discrepancies that result. The more defective instrument, we are convinced, is that which is in general use at the stations of the Society. As to Storm Warnings—the usefulness of which we do not contest—many a tale could be told to show that the science is but young.

*Neuroomia*, by G. McIver (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.), is the story of a "New Continent," and a new civilization, the wonders of which may entertain readers who are not weary of such matters. For our part, the monotony of these modern variations on an old theme is a little trying. We have had more than enough of these New Republics, Utopias, Cities of the Sun, and the rest.

Oddly enough Mr. G. Read Murphy's *Beyond the Ice* (Sampson Low & Co.) is another example of the dismal family. Like *Neuroomia*, it treats of a mysterious land and a wondrous civilization. Mr. Murphy's country, however, is at the North Pole, while Mr. McIver's is an Antarctic continent. Strange to say, the narrator of the story is, in each book, introduced to the new people in the same fashion. Mr. Murphy employs an "electocar" for the purpose, and Mr. McIver is content with "a six-wheeled vehicle" with a hidden motive power.

"Professor Hoffmann's" *Puzzles Old and New* (Frederick Warne & Co.) suggests only one puzzle—that is, to find out any puzzle of importance, ancient or modern or both, that is not included in a volume of which the special knowledge is as great as the readableness, always a characteristic of this author's work.

*The Hero of the "Pelican,"* by Percy de Lisle (Digby, Long, & Co.), somewhat grandiloquently styled "an Ocean drama," tells of a voyage from Calcutta to England, and of a Mysterious Passenger who saves the ship from destruction when threatened by Chinese pirates. The author may be commended for not making too much of the Mysterious Passenger. He is handled discreetly, as something too precious for every chapter's use. If somewhat amateurish in style, the story is entertaining, owing chiefly to certain strange military passengers and some delightful seamen, one of whom is continually rapping out a quaint expletive that has more mystery in it than the M.P. himself.

Dr. A. H. Japp's volume of verse, *Dramatic Pictures* (Chatto & Windus), is composed of various kinds of metrical forms—English Rispetti, sonnets, narrative pieces, lyrics—whereof the reader may find enough for selection. The songs would be our choice of the whole—the "Songs of the Birds," and "June," and "Memories," and other tuneful examples.

The new volume of *Book-Prices Current* (Elliot Stock) records some fifty thousand sale lots during the twelve months ending in November last, these auction sales representing, it is estimated, double the number of books. "No really first-class library has been dispersed during the current year," according to the editor, though the total amount realized by the sales represents a good average. "Values," or rather fashions, do not appear to have undergone any change, on comparing the present volume with its predecessors.

Among recent British Museum Catalogues, we have to note

the *Descriptive List of Hebrew and Samaritan MSS.* (Longmans & Co.; Asher; Quaritch; and others) which is edited by Mr. G. Margouliouth, and is intended as a provisional guide to students pending the publication of the fuller Catalogue which is in preparation.

Another Catalogue of more general interest is that of *Fans and Fan Leaves* (Longmans & Co.), compiled by Mr. Lionel Cust, descriptive of the splendid collection presented to the British Museum by Lady Charlotte Schreiber.

We have also received *A History of Mathematics*, by Florian Cajori, Professor of Physics in Colorado College (Macmillan & Co.); *Massachusetts, its History and Historians*, by Charles Francis Adams (Boston: Houghton & Co.); *A Gauntlet*, translated from the Norwegian of Björnson by Osman Edwards (Longmans & Co.); *A Mammal Only*, by John Edward Howell (New York: Howell Co.); *The Dawn of Death*, by Luscombe Scarelli (Trübner & Co.); *Doorside Ditties*, by Jeanie Morison (Blackwood & Sons); Longfellow's *Evangeline* (Marcus Ward & Co.), decorated with maple and other leaves, in colour or "skeleton," impressed on the pages; *English History for American Readers*, by T. W. Higginson and Edward Channing (New York: Longmans & Co.); *The New Spirit of the Nations*, edited by Martin MacDermott (Fisher Unwin); *Life's Fairy Tales*, by J. A. Mitchell (Gay & Bird); *Persia*, by the late W. S. W. Vaux (S.P.C.K.), new and revised edition by the Rev. A. H. Sayce; *Rossall School, its Rise and Progress*, by Canon Beechey (Skeffington & Son), privately printed; and the twenty-third *Report of the Aeronautical Society of Great Britain*.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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